

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## Post-Office Stupidities.

We have not had lately many occasions to applaud the sayings or doings of General Benjamin Butler, but he recently made a point in the House of Representatives of great importance, and to which public attention cannot be too strongly directed. It was *apropos* of the purchase of St. Thomas, in which the Secretary of State, through the exercise of the

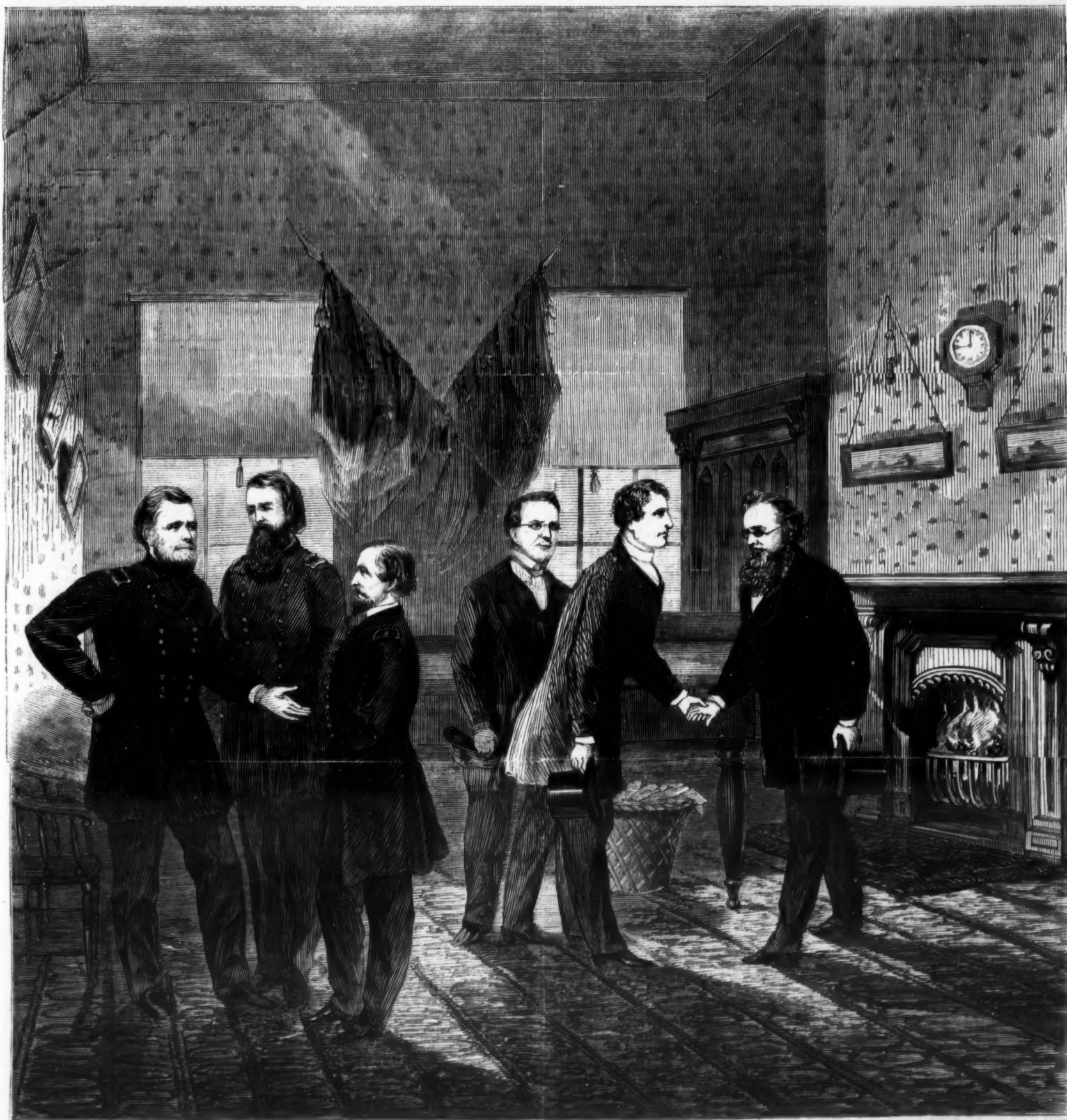
treaty power, has undertaken to consummate a purpose on which the people of the United States nor their direct representatives have not been in any way consulted, and in which he has assumed to dispose of the people's money without reference to the only branch of the National Legislature to which the Constitution assigns the power of originating disbursements of the National Treasury.

General Butler said, "If the President and

Senate, by a Treaty of Reciprocity, can alter our Revenue Laws, and this House has no control over their action, then they have got full control of the revenues of the country, and when they get control of the spending and raising of money, I think it is time for us to go home."

Leaving aside the usurpations of the State Department in the Walrusia and St. Thomas business, of which we have already spoken,

we find the very thing which General Butler has hypothetically condemned in our recent Postal Convention with Great Britain. Now, since October 1st any book or sample packet of merchandise can be forwarded from any part of Great Britain to any part of the United States, so that it "does not exceed two feet in length and one foot in breadth and depth," for six cents for each four ounces or fractions of four ounces. A printed



SCENE AT THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR, ON THE MORNING OF JAN. 14TH—SECRETARY STANTON RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE SENATORS AND HIS FRIENDS, UPON HIS REINSTALLATION TO THE OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF WAR.—SEE PAGE 307.



invoice of book-packets or samples may be affixed, and the names of the publisher or merchant who sends them, as well as of the person to whom they are addressed, may be superscribed in writing.

"Now, by the Postal Laws of the United States, the weight of book-packages sent by mail within the States must not exceed four pounds; if it does it is charged postage at letter rates. It is charged at the same letter rates if there be any writing upon the envelope except the address of the person to whom it is sent. Thus, a package which might weigh twenty pounds may, under the new convention, be sent from London to New York for \$4.80; while under our present postal law it would cost \$19.20 to send it from New York to Newark. A resident of Omaha or San Francisco can thus buy and receive from London a Latham's Johnson's English Dictionary, weighing ten pounds, for about one-half what a Webster's Dictionary sent from Springfield would cost him!

"Again, our custom officers are not permitted to examine parcels received from England, although they may examine those sent abroad. By the terms of the convention, also, 'no charges whatever shall be levied in the country in which international newspaper, book-packets and patterns, or samples of merchandise are delivered.' It is easy, therefore, to drive a profitable free-trade in dutiable articles. One boot may be sent across the Atlantic as a sample by this mail, and its mate by the next. Pattern horse-shoes may be sent, as they actually have been, and at less cost than if they paid regular freight, charges and duty added. And these are to be delivered at their destination free of charge."

"There are people who believe in 'Free Trade,' and we notice that the people to be benefited by it always advocate it, and in nine cases out of ten they are foreigners established in this country in the interest of foreign manufacturers. Now we may submit to legislation in their behalf, if we can have an equal chance with them; but when the discrimination is absolutely against us, and that through the action or stupidity of our own Government, we hope we are entitled, being only American citizens, to utter a single word of complaint and protest.

FRANK LESLIE'S

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

## NOTICE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

In accordance with our purpose of rendering the columns of this paper a means of introducing to the public original works of the celebrated authors of the day, we have concluded our negotiations with the popular writer, Captain Mayne Reid, the result of which we announce in the following correspondence:

BELLEVUE COURT, NEWPORT, Dec. 25th, 1867.

SIR—Your proposal to me to write a novel for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has been received. The very liberal terms offered, as also the high character of your journal, tempt me to acceptance; but I must ask you to grant me a few days for consideration whether my present engagements will allow me sufficient time for the proper execution of the work.

Yours very obediently,  
MAYNE REID.

Frank Leslie, Esq.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1868.

SIR—I have duly considered your proposal, and find that it is in my power to accept it. I take pleasure in doing so; and shall use my best endeavor to tell you a story of modern life that may not be without interest.

Very obediently yours,  
MAYNE REID.

Frank Leslie, Esq.

Within the present month, therefore, we shall commence the publication of an original novel of modern society, by Captain Mayne Reid, entitled, "THE CHILD WIFE; A TALE OF TWO WORLDS." In appropriating the sum of ten thousand dollars to the purchase of the copyright of this work, we have full confidence in the popular appreciation of merit, intense interest, and originality in literary productions. In our next issue we shall publish a biographical sketch and portrait of the author.

## Special Notice.

Within the present month, and simultaneously with the publication of the opening chapters of Captain Mayne Reid's novel, "THE CHILD WIFE," we shall publish, as a supplement to Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, a MAGNIFICENT COLORED ENGRAVING, entitled "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE." This beautiful creation of the engraver's art, reproducing in life-tints the original painting by Hill, was executed in England expressly for this paper, by William Dickes, of London. It represents a fisherman's wife, standing upon a rock-bound shore, with her golden-haired child in her arms, awaiting the return of her husband from his perilous labor on the sea. This splendid engraving has been procured at great expense, and the American public will acknowledge that it is superior to any work of the kind ever introduced into this country. As but a limited number have been prepared, we would suggest that our

patrons send in their orders for the issue in question as soon as possible. The price of the newspaper and engraving will be twenty-five cents, the cost of the engraving alone exceeding that amount. Due notice will be given of the date of publication.

## General Grant and the President.

GENERAL GRANT has established another claim on the respect of his countrymen, and added to the confidence previously reposed in his discretion and judgment, in not allowing himself to be used as a cat's-paw in pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of Mr. Andrew Johnson. The President had a right to suspend Mr. Stanton, and to ask any one to occupy the post of Secretary of War until it was known that the Senate would or would not concur in the act. With exceptional good sense, he asked General Grant to take the position, which the General, to the great satisfaction of the country, did, pending the action of the Senate. That action reinstated Mr. Stanton, in virtue of the same law under which Mr. Johnson suspended him. Of course General Grant obeyed the law in the latter case, as he had recognized it in the former.

If the President hoped or expected, as it now appears he did, that General Grant would undertake to fight out his unseemly battle with the Representatives of the people, in his own person, before the Supreme Court, the President has now discovered his mistake. He has failed to obtain, ever so indirectly, the support or prestige of General Grant's great name. The President having availed himself of one part of a law, cannot with decency undertake to nullify the other part. In any case, he is bound by it in letter, as he ought to be in spirit, and in all its parts. If one-half of what appears in the newspapers as regards his purposes be realized, the nation will regret that the project of impeachment was not carried out, and be quite ready to applaud its revival and swift execution.

We do not suppose that Mr. Stanton finds it pleasant to remain in the Cabinet, nor that he desires to do so; but there may be other considerations which, in his judgment and that of the Senate, by whose "advice and consent" he was appointed, may make it his duty to remain. Among these may be the intention of ascertaining whether the President really proposes to attempt a coup d'état, and undertake to override and nullify the laws. While we are settling important issues, we may, perhaps, as well ascertain if the Executive is capable, under any pretext or on any ground, of committing overt treason. Should such an attempt be made, it may not be too late to retrieve our lost opportunity of punishing treason and making "treason odious" by an example more conspicuous than was ever before deemed possible.

Generals Grant and Meade deserve the gratitude of the nation for their strict and conscientious adherence to the laws, and in calmly and quietly abstaining from abetting the President in his schemes of protracting turmoil and disorganization.

## Charity in Chicago.

CHICAGO still aims to surpass all other American cities in the extravagance of its enterprises, commercial, political and social. Everything there takes the superlative form. The last sensation is a grand Charity Ball at the Opera House. The journals of Chicago are full of vivid descriptions of the splendid preparations making for this gorgeous affair. One of them, after telling in detail of the prospective magnificence of the scene, the costliness and variety of the decorations, and the general lavishness of outlay in every department of luxury, concludes by asserting that never before in this country was anything of the kind "projected upon so stupendous a scale; yet the object for which it is got up is a most worthy one, and should be universally appreciated."

The object is charity—to supply the needs of the suffering poor of Chicago. It is undoubtedly a worthy one, and ought to be appreciated and encouraged. But is all this "stupendous magnificence" of festivity necessary to accomplish the purpose? Might not the money spent upon all these costly glories of a night of pleasure be better applied if applied directly to the worthy objects they are indirectly intended to benefit? The amount thrown away, so to speak, upon carpeting, and upholstery, and chandeliers, and scenic decorations, and flowers, and music, and feasting, would go far to relieve the necessities of those for whose benefit this gorgeous festival is supposed to be gotten up, but who are to share in none of its splendors.

It may be charity to appropriate what is left, after all these delights are paid for, to the poor, but to the philosophic mind, it looks much more like vanity and Pharisaism. A single contribution from each wealthy patron, each spruce cavalier, and each shining belle of this grand ball, would have proved a much speedier, easier, more effectual, and truer charity.

## Another Indian War Brewing.

We all know what is the cost of an Indian war, even with the most insignificant tribe, and at our doors. An Indian war offers contractors, favorites, and Government swindlers generally, a rich booty. Well, in addition to the original cost of the icebergs and polar bears of Alaska, the annual cost of keeping up a garrison and government, of establishing harbors, and erecting light-houses and fortifications, we are now likely to have the probably quadruple cost of all of these entailed upon us by a war with the wretched natives of that hospitable and productive region. We have a quarrel already established with them. It is alleged they attempted to blow up the powder magazine at Sitka, when they were fired on and one of them wounded. They demanded compensation for the injury, which was refused, when they retired to their village and raised the English flag over it. General Davis threatened to bombard their town, unless they hauled it down, which they did. The telegraph adds:

"Since the occurrence of the affair, the Indians have seemed discontented, and an outbreak is feared."

The Russian inhabitants, either not liking our association, or distrusting our ability to protect them, are fast leaving. Nearly a thousand, we are told, have left in Russian ships.

## Is Brooklyn a City or Suburb?

BROOKLYN folks don't like you to call their city a suburb, but they still continue to be suburban in their ways and habits of life, private and public. It is suburban to let the market-farmers pass through their streets to Fulton market for their provisions. It is suburban to depend upon the Metropolis for their police, for their amusements, for their apparel, for their butcher's meat, for their opinions, and to a great extent for their inhabitants. It is suburban to let their servant-maids sweep the highways, and to have the street dirt gathered by the farmers' wagons at their convenience. It is suburban to decorate the sidewalks with garbage barrels, and allow small boys to scatter their contents, or larger children to kick them over by way of amusement. It is suburban, or at all events it is stupid, to cry out against such improvements as the Nicholson pavement, and prefer cobblestones; to jam people to suffocation in street cars and complain of poverty and want of patronage; to placard "Goods at New York Prices" on their store-fronts; to do a hundred or more equally foolish things unbecoming a real city. When these are remedied, and Brooklyn begins to think, speak, act and live somewhat "on its own hook," New Yorkers and others will cease to call it a suburb.

## Ogdensburg and its Founders.

THE Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Journal has an article nearly three columns long, full of classical and miscellaneous learning, to show why that village, which is about to be raised to the dignity of a city, should no longer bear its present name.

Among a mass of matter about the origin and meaning of names from the days of the Egyptians down to those of the American Indian, there is one fair hit made with regard to the name Ogdensburg. The writer says, that the founder of the place, one Samuel Ogden, showed his appreciation of the village by carefully keeping away from it, and in 1808 sold out the entire place to David Parish for \$8,000.

He further says that the Ogden family have never lived in the village, and that, although very wealthy, the contributions of this family to the village would not suffice to keep one street-lamp burning a single night.

He concludes by proposing two names for the prospective city—namely, St. Lawrence and Samawaga.

For the sake of local color, let it be Samawaga.

## Middle-Class Education in England.

THERE has been for some time a growing and laudable ambition among the so-called middle-classes in England to enjoy the privilege of a liberal education for their children, such as the aristocracy and wealthier commoners can obtain at the schools of Eton, Rugby and Harrow, and at the universities. A number of plans have been proposed to this end, and not long since a partial experiment was made by a Mr. Woodland, in the formation of a cheap boarding-school, conducted upon the collegiate system, and called St. Nicholas College, in Sussex. The success of this establishment has encouraged other philanthropic gentlemen to enlarge and improve upon the scheme, and a meeting was recently held in Manchester, for the purpose of exciting a still more general interest in the question.

At this meeting it was stated that the systems hitherto tried of providing a liberal

education for the poorer middle-classes were none of them found sufficient. What was wanted was a boarding-school open to all parts of the country, and free from claims of any sort.

Such a school was about to be started at Denstone, and twelve thousand pounds had already been collected to aid its establishment, by private subscription. The whole sum needed would be about forty thousand pounds. Sir Percival Heywood, who was a prominent speaker on the occasion, said that "their building would be begun early in spring, and its extent would depend on the support received; when that institution was completed, they were pledged to establish a boarding-school which should board and educate one thousand boys of the lower middle-classes at about fourteen pounds a year."

The chief objection urged against the popularity of this scheme was that this school and its congeners were to be the Church of England Schools, while a larger number of the lower middle-classes were dissenters and members of other congregations. This was of course denied, and the unsectarian character of the proposed schools maintained at this meeting; but it is noticeable that those speakers who most loudly asserted the liberal religious polity of the scheme were magnates of the Church of England, with the Dean of Manchester at their head.

The real root of the difficulty, after all, lies probably in the unhappy and unnatural law of class distinction; the absurdity of dividing citizens by arbitrary lines of caste, and attempting to segregate certain portions of the people, not alone politically, but even with regard to their opportunities for educational enlightenment.

What they really want in England is not a new school or series of schools for the "middle-class," nor for any other "class," but schools equally open to all classes—to the children of the whole people. In other words, they need a system of genuine Public Schools, such as we have in this country.

LATE letters from Europe bring us a large batch of what may be called "Art Intelligence." We learn, first, that Mr. Whistler, of Baltimore, who occupied so much space in the American Fine Art Gallery, in the recent Exposition in Paris, and who astonished everybody with his etchings and paintings (?) has been expelled from the "Burlington Fine Arts Club," for reasons not yet made public. We learn, also, that Page's picture of "Farragut Lashed to the Masthead of his Flagship, in the attack on Mobile," has been purchased by the Emperor of Russia for \$20,000; Meissonier's picture of "Napoleon in 1814," which figured in the late exhibition, has been sold for \$20,000. A collection of paintings by Gustave Doré, are on exhibition at Egyptian Hall, London, prior to coming to this country. Rumor says they have been purchased, at a very heavy sum, by a gentleman of Cincinnati. The chief pictures are three, "Jephthah's Daughter," a grand and solemn tragedy; "Dante Meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle," a wondrous creation, more than realizing the conception of the great poet; and "Life at Baden-Baden; or, Le Tapie-Vert," an immense picture, full of life and power, and telling its own story: it is marvelously real. The first of these paintings shows the faculty with which M. Doré is endowed, enabling him to reproduce with telling effect one of the most touching records of the remote past. The second illustrates the facility with which he seizes upon the vague spectres of imagination, and brings them in their wild and weird aspect before the eye as tangible realities. The third illustrates his capacity for representing actual scenes in the life of his generation, with that admixture of satire which, in view of their dubious character, the moralist approves. No one who sees these paintings will hesitate to say that M. Doré is the master of the nineteenth century, for certainly no other is so marked by originality of design and boldness, not to say audacity, of execution.

Mr. WELLS, special Commissioner of the Revenue, favors a rate of taxation that would give the Government a surplus of fifty millions a year, over necessary disbursements, to apply to the liquidation of the public debt. To this the Daily Times responds judiciously:

"In order to regain prosperity after the extraordinary drain incident to the war, we must free trade and industry from all but inevitable burdens. Every dollar of revenue exacted in a period of reaction and depression is an injury—an impediment; and since the payment of liabilities in advance of their maturity cannot be properly considered a duty or necessity, the proposal to include in the estimates fifty millions allotted to this purpose is in fact a proposal to weigh down needlessly the impaired energies of the people. Between calculated income and expenditure there may always be supposed to be some difference. No prudent financier would attempt to carry on the Government without a slight margin in its favor. If expectation be verified and a surplus realized, its legitimate application would seem to be on account of the debt. But the uncertain surplus which comes of caution bears no resemblance to a deliberate imposition of fifty millions of taxes for a purpose strictly optional, at a time when every interest in the country is struggling to maintain its existence."

BULWER accomplishes his voluminous productions in about three hours a day, usually from ten until one, and seldom later, writing all with his own hand. Composition was at first very laborious to him, but he gave himself sedulously to mastering its difficulties, and is said to have rewritten some of his briefer productions eight or nine times before publication. He now writes very rapidly, averaging, it is said, twenty octavo pages a day. He says of himself, in a letter to a friend:



"I literize away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as I best may, sometimes by correcting a proof."

A GENTLEMAN recently returned from an extended European tour, had good and sufficient reasons for suspecting that Americans were fleeced by overcharges. On revisiting Switzerland he determined to exercise his Yankee ingenuity and find out the truth. Accordingly he entered his name in German script and talked and imitated the native Teuton as well as he could. The result was, when his bill came in, he found it fifty per cent. less than he had paid on a former occasion.

Gas is supplied in Paris at the rate of eighteen cents the hundred feet. This gas must be of a certain brilliancy, and one hundred and five litres of it must give as much light as that which is given by a carcel lamp burning forty-two grammes of oil in an hour. Trials of the gas are made every evening at the time the streets are lighted up by officers appointed by the town, who, by means of peculiarly sensitive apparatus, test it in each one of the eleven offices dispersed throughout the metropolitan district, and secure to the public a gas of the purity and illuminating power contracted for.

THE funeral ceremonies over the remains of the late Bishop Hopkins, whose decease we noticed last week, were held in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vt., on the 15th ult., in the presence of a large assembly of ecclesiastical and personal friends. The church was heavily draped with the emblems of mourning. The body lay in state in the vestibule of the church from nine in the morning until half-past eleven o'clock. The features of the deceased were full and extremely life-like. The coffin was made of live-oak and heavily mounted. On the lid was a crown and full-length cross. At the base of the cross were eight steps, indicating his eighth decade. The following were present: Bishops Neely, of Maine; Clark, of Rhode Island; Williams, of Connecticut; Randall, of Colorado; and the Lord Bishop of Quebec; Archdeacon Leitch and Canon Balch, of Montreal; also fifty clergymen from various dioceses. The services were participated in by all the bishops and many clergymen. Eloquent addresses were made by the Lord Bishop of Quebec and Bishop Williams. After the funeral, the bishops and clergymen held a meeting, appointing a committee of one from each diocese to draft suitable resolutions.

The Second Annual Report of the Board of Health, recently made, asserts the gratifying fact of general improvement in the sanitary condition of the localities within the metropolitan sanitary district, embracing the counties of New York, Kings, Westchester and Richmond, and the towns of Newtown, Flushing and Jamaica, in Queen's county. The Board, if we can judge by the results as stated in the report, have labored intelligently, industriously and successfully. The number of deaths were less by 3,152 than during the preceding year. This is the more significant, from the fact that in other countries, and even in some localities in our own land, pestilence has been busy with fearful and fatal violence. If it is to the exertions of the Board of Health that we are indebted for our exemptions from the ravages of the Asiatic cholera, the community have good reason to be grateful to that sanitary institution. The measures employed by the Board to improve the health of the district under its supervision have been so often recounted that we need not recapitulate them here. The beneficial effects of a judicious system of sanitary precautions have been sufficiently demonstrated to encourage the Board to renewed efforts; and there is good foundation for the hope that the metropolis may soon enjoy the reputation of being one of the healthiest cities in the world.

How often in jest is the phrase used—Dressed to kill! And how few, with the slang words on their lips, reflect what a terrible reality they express? At the opera, at the ball-room, in the public streets, even in the house of God, the women of America who "dress to kill" may be counted by thousands. They commit murder, self-murder, we might almost say wilful murder, for they have abundant warning from the advice and remonstrances of physicians, and from the lessons of experience, that their unnatural devotion to abominable fashions hurries them to their graves. If the victims of consumption who have courted their doom by going upon their errands of pleasure in thin shoes and insufficient garments could be summoned to bear witness of their folly, what a ghastly army of spectres would be arrayed in attestation of that crime of self-immolation at the altar of vanity! Enlightened communities pity the barbarians who, in their ignorance and superstition, torture themselves in obedience to some absurd custom. But in what, so far as the outrages of fashion are concerned, is enlightenment superior to barbarism? The Chinese woman compresses her feet till walking is almost impossible; the enlightened lady compresses her waist till breathing is almost impossible. Which commits the greatest crime against nature? We do not exaggerate for the sake of illustration. We allude to facts. The mortality record of last week in this city witnesses the fact that a young lady laced herself to death while preparing to attend divine worship. Nor can it be supposed that this unfortunate woman was deficient in mental attributes or in education, for she was a schoolteacher, charged with the important mission of training youth to wisdom. And this woman was actually in the habit of calling to her assistance two of her friends to lend their strength in compressing her waist to a circumference that accorded with her ideas of elegance and beauty. If that is civilization, it would be well if society would take a retrogressive step.

By this time our readers are pretty well informed of the climate, products, and society of the Island of St. Thomas. The merits and demerits of this newly acquired territory have been paraded before us until we are almost as familiar with that distant locality as with some of our neighboring States; but the peculiar advantages accruing to us by the acquisition of the enchanted land in Alaska do not appear to be as thoroughly understood. An intelligent correspondent has furnished some valuable information on this subject which he obtained from a Russian guide. A range of mountains near Sitka are described as being wonderful in size, and the cause of intense coldness. Among some of them are deep pools and lakes, in which dwell monsters—serpents as long as a fir tree—which, were they in the open sea, would commit mighty damage. There is an old tradition of the Indians, that far away to the north, in the heart of these hills, there is a wonderful valley, so narrow that only at midday is the face of the sun to be seen. For thousands of years that

valley lay undiscovered. No one had ever penetrated to it, or even dreamed of its existence; but suddenly, and a few summers ago, two Indian hunters entered it during a long journey, and found a small tribe of unknown people, speaking an unknown tongue, who had lived there since the creation of the world, and without knowing that other beings existed. It is to be hoped that our Government will not fail to extend the advantages of civilization to this benighted people, and for this purpose diligent search should be at once instituted for a competent person to act as interpreter to our new citizens.

On the 13th ult. occurred the first meeting of the New York Provisional Committee for promoting in this city the proposed International Maritime Exhibition at Havre. This exhibition, organized under the patronage of the Emperor Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, the municipal authorities of Havre, and the French Ministers of Marine, Public Works and Commerce, will doubtless tend greatly to develop the maritime resources of the powers that participate in it. This metropolis, as the great commercial centre of the New World, will be able and eager to play a conspicuous part in furthering the objects in view. Among the members of the permanent committee appointed at the meeting are, Captain J. J. Comstock, Captain S. Harding, Captain Iselin Hinken Precht, Manager of the New York and Bremen Line, and Isaac Taylor, President, and other noted representatives of our maritime interests.

Notwithstanding the present stagnation in business affairs, the scarcity of ready money, and the great amount of destitution in our city, the balls which have already been given have suffered no perceptible diminution either in brilliancy or patronage. The appointments have been of the costliest description, and the ladies, who always lend an attractive air to public assemblies, have vied with each other in appearing in the most bewitching costumes. The variety of the balls held last week was sufficient to satisfy the most particular tastes, and the various committees of arrangement seemed to have left nothing undone to insure the success of the entertainments. On Thursday evening the initiatory gathering of the Arion Vocal Society took place at the Germania Assembly Rooms. The walls of the hall were ornamented with grotesque caricatures of leading members of the organization and distinguished politicians, which gave a highly amusing novelty to the occasion. This society numbers among its members some of our most influential German citizens. The next ball in their carnival will be given on the 30th instant. On the same evening the Academy of Music was filled to repletion on the occasion of the eleventh annual ball of the Young Men's Association, which was given for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of New York. Dancing was commenced at ten o'clock, and kept up until a late hour in the morning. The members of the Columbia Boat Club, with their legion of friends, assembled in Irving Hall, on Friday evening, to enjoy their annual dance. The affair having been committed to the hands of gentlemen experienced in such matters, proved a decided success.

The Templar Lodge, No. 203, F. and A. M., held a social reunion on Wednesday, the 15th ult., at the Metropolitan Hotel. The Messrs. Leland, with their customary spirit of courtesy, placed the dining-room of the hotel at the disposal of the Lodge, and the spacious and elegant hall answered admirably the purpose of a temple of Terpalchore. The arrangements were perfect, and the numerous guests made good use of the opportunity for enjoyment.

At a meeting of the Knights of St. Patrick in this city, on Wednesday, 15th ult., John Mitchell was elected President of the organization, and John M'Auliffe, Vice-President.

#### OUR THEATRICAL FEUILLETON.

If we except the production of "The White Pawn" at Niblo's Garden, which was given too late in the week for us to notice in our present feuilleton, theatricals have presented nothing of startling interest to speak of.

It is indeed true that Mr. Lester Wallace—an old New York favorite—re-appeared upon the stage of his theatre after an absence from the footlights of rather more than a twelve month, in Planché's comedy of the "Captain of the Watch," which had also been absent from the boards quinquuple that time. It would be needless to say that the house which received him was a crowded one, and the applause which greeted him was such as, or more than a Wallace ordinarily receives in Wallace's Theatre.

The Richings Troupe, also, gave us Wallace's last opera, one previously unproduced—"The Desert Flower."

Having heard it but a single time, it would be useless to pretend to review its merits, the more especially when it has been produced at the close of so brief an engagement, and as we may charitably presume, after so scanty a time for study. All that we can say of it, is, that it exhibited everywhere traces of the delicate taste for melody for which all—and the skillful and musicianly composition for which the lamented master's later works were remarkable. Let us trust that should we again hear it, subsequent production may have given the various vocalists sufficient time to study their parts as thoroughly as all Wallace wrote ought to be studied. We are unable conscientiously to except the Conductor from similar good wishes.

M. Julgnot, the French manager of 1865-66, also took a benefit early in the week preceding our feuilleton, on which occasion he gave his old friends and patrons "Les Diables Roses."

As far as we can remember, it was a novelty upon the French stage in this city, a thin, flimsy, absurd, but very sparkling novelty. The hero is a young man who loves not too well, but somewhat too indiscriminately. He appears to have no more objection to the wife of anybody else than he has to the demerits of the demi-monde. This is doubtless very immoral, but it is as decidedly French, and consequently M. Antonio Joscari suited M. Julgnot as if the character had been built for him. He was supported by Mme. Larnet, Mme. Daire, Mlle. Reiller, and Messieurs Roche, Hamillon, Edgard, etc., very ably; and the comedy, in spite of its being in five acts, and given for a benefit, made a hit, which must have been morally as satisfactory to the soul of the benefactor as it was pecuniarily to his pocket.

In speaking of the French Theatre, we may mention that before we go to press Madame Ristori will have closed her present brief season, and will be on her way to Havana.

It is said, but we know not with how great an amount of truth, that Mrs. Lander has a translation of "Marie Antoinette" ready for the stage, and theatrical gossip further hints that as she will scarcely be able to bring it out previous to the departure of the Italian tragedienne, the manager of the latter has already offered to sell her the stage properties and dresses with which he has already given this lachrymose tragedy.

#### ART GOSSIP.

Mr. F. MARTINEZ, a clever young painter, of Spanish-American origin, but who, after several years' study in European schools of art, has set up his easel

in this city, exhibits a remarkable picture in the gallery at 845 Broadway. The "Odalisque," as this picture is entitled, is a life-size figure of a beautiful woman of the Oriental type, nude, and reclining upon a couch. Her right arm is raised above her head, while in her left hand, which hangs listlessly toward the floor, she holds the mouthpiece of the *sarjick* that stands near the foot of the couch. The figure is drawn with great power, and the pose generally is easy, if we except the somewhat constrained position of the head, which seems to be twisted round rather uneasily on the pillow. The flesh is painted with great purity, the reflected lights and shadows being especially excellent. Particularly noticeable is the painting of the light scarf thrown across the centre of the figure, and the pearly shadow thrown by it upon the limbs. There is much artistic skill displayed in the subjugation of the red curtain and background in general to the figure, and also in the painting of such accessories as the black feather fan held in the lady's right hand, the embroidered slippers on the floor, and the *sarjick*. The question of exhibiting nude figures is, of course, yet open to discussion, and has of late been drawing out the critics on the other side of the Atlantic. Gérôme's "Phryne" was tabooed in England, and the "Odalisque" of Mr. Martinez was, we are informed, refused admission to the Winter Exhibition of the Academy of Design on moral grounds. There is nothing sensual in the picture, to our way of thinking; and an appropriate motto for it may be found in the well-known words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*."

The galleries of the Academy of Design have lately been enriched by the addition of many of the pictures and pieces of sculpture that figured in the American Department of the Paris Universal Exhibition. One of the most "sensational" of these pictures is Mr. F. E. Church's "Rainy Season in the Tropics." The scene lies among the Andes, or in some other lofty mountain range. Showers are passing over, and a rainbow, developing three segments of a circle, arches the misty gorge. Certainly few artists have ever managed the rainbow so cleverly as Mr. Church. In his pictures of Niagara Falls—the last of which is also on view in these galleries—the filmy iris is represented with a luminous transparency, which we have heard attributed to "trick;" but it is one of those tricks that but few artists have picked up.

In the Royal Academy exhibition of last year, much notice was taken of Mr. G. H. Boughton's picture representing a body of armed New England Puritans going to church. The picture in question has been brought to this city by Mr. S. P. Avery, and will soon be placed on exhibition.

Among the European pictures contributed to the exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors, none are more attractive than two from the powerful pencil of Mrs. Murray. One of these, "The Chest Detected," No. 337, is a scene from Spanish life—men and women of various types of beauty and ugliness engaged in a game of cards. Every character in the group is a study in itself, and the whole is rendered with a sketchy boldness and decision that belongs especially to the English school of water-color painting. The same qualities are manifested in the other contribution furnished by Mrs. Murray—"A Spanish Milk Stall, Seville," No. 511.

Excellent, too, as a character piece, is the "American Citizens" of Mr. T. W. Wood, No. 425, in the same exhibition. The four distinct types that constitute the political platforms are here presented in the Yankee, the Irishman, the German, and the Negro. Each of these is apparently a study from life, and the picture is painted in a broad and effective manner.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF WOMEN. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Contains biographical sketches of a large number of the richest examples of feminine friendship preserved for us in history.

THE WIDOW'S SON. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Southworth says of this latest of her works: "I wish to say to my friends that this tale is no mere fiction. The scenes in the widow's cottage are photographed from life. The history of the Widow's Son is that of one of our wealthiest merchants and most celebrated philanthropists."

THE POETRY OF COMPLIMENT AND COURTSHIP. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A compilation of short poems from the best authors of England and America, happily selected and classified, as the title of the work indicates.

PARIS IN '67; OR, THE GREAT EXPOSITION, ITS SIDE-SHOWS AND EXCURSIONS. By HENRY MORFORD. New York: Geo. W. Carleton & Co.

Those who have read this author's earlier book of travel, "Over Sea," will know what to expect in this—much accurate description, with accounts of personal adventure humorously told.

HOW TO MIX DRINKS; OR, THE BON VIVANT'S COMPANION. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Contains concise directions for mixing all the most popular beverages known in the United States and Europe, together with recipes for making cordials, liquors, fancy syrups, etc.

CHILD PICTURES FROM DICKENS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Consists of selections from Dickens's works of such portions as have a special interest for children, such as "Little Nell," "Paul and Florence," etc.

THE FAMILY SAVE-ALL. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A cook-book, the object of which is to show the most inexpensive modes of preparing food, and how to economize generally in housekeeping.

#### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey & Son," "Christmas Stories," cheap editions; and "Our Mutual Friend" and "Christmas Stories," people's editions.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston: "The Uncommercial Traveller," diamond edition; Part IV. of "Good Stories;" and "Opportunity," a novel, by Anne M. Crane.

From LORING, Boston: "Into the Light; or The Jewess."

From NEW YORK NEWS CO.: "Mc-won-t-tee: A Tale of Frontier Life," by Solon Robinson.

#### OUR LONDON LETTER.

THERE is not much new this week, except the examination of Fenians arrested on suspicion of being connected with the Clerkenwell outrage, which you will have heard of by cable. As usual there is no want of "Queen's evidence" after the event; the difficulty of the police is to obtain precise information before it happens. Great blame has accordingly been thrown on the detective department; more acute minds or ears are wanted for that branch, which it appears is recruited from the ordinary constabulary. In olden times the rule was "to set a thief to catch a thief," or at least such was the proverbial philosophy, not of Tupper, but police. However, they seem to have got upon the true track, and have caught some of the

small fry of Fenianism, for the monster seems one without a head, eyes, or understanding. There is no doubt the explosion has caused considerable terror here, and after it came rumors of blowing up gas-works, burning public buildings and private houses with Greek fire carefully corked down in soda-water bottles, and doing incalculable mischief to the community. Respectable inhabitants and various householders are enrolling as special constables, and all sorts of precautions are being very properly taken by the authorities; but as the enemy is invisible he cannot be met in the open field. He must be spied out by detective police, and exhumed by the golden key which opens every lock and unclasps every breast that thirsts after it. There may be some danger, but it is greatly exaggerated by public fears and feeble minas; a skulking disaffection that can do no more than light up a barrel of gunpowder and "skedaddle," is not a very formidable affair. It is no doubt bad and cruel enough, but leads to nothing except its perpetrators to the gallows. Greek fire is the horror of the season; some is said to have been found in Bird-cage Walk. It might be supposed that the 170,000 volunteer rifles would be adequate for public security, but the force is not allowed to be employed for civil purposes, and they are either disarmed or sworn in as special constables, such part at least as are willing, and will exchange the rifle for the baton. The fact is, the institution is nothing more than a national guard, and has all its defects, which need not be enumerated at length, as they are patent enough. In the opinion of the foreseeing, ere four years have passed there will be introduced a conscription. Of course it will not bear that odious name "conscription," but will be called a "ballot" for the militia, and the militia will be indefinitely expanded. Then what with those olive branches of peace, Chassepots, Snailers, and shell bullets, Europe will have a very curious millennium. Why England cannot fight it out in the ditch—that is, at sea in the channel—is not so apparent, for if she sent 1,000 pennons into the Baltic against Russia, she could at least fly as much bunting against any other European maritime power. It is true the Russian blockade was very ineffectual, owing to wrong political principles as regarded the commerce, but it was sufficient to haul down the flag of the small Russian merchant marine, and dirk the three-deckers in Cronstadt.

The last denizen of the Zoological Gardens, the walrus, is dead. He was reported to have died of the cold, although he came from a still colder clime, for, strange to say, a British winter kills off many a polar representative. Inflammation of the lungs is the fatal malady which decimates the dens of that well-known place of instruction and amusement. It turns out, however, that he died of worms in the stomach. The sea-bear died of fish-hooks which he swallowed along with the fish which he ate. That affectionate monster used to kiss and embrace his Canadian keeper. The walrus was not so civilized, was a heavier fellow, and liable to push his friends down. His autopsy is performing by the prosector, and the report will no doubt soon make its appearance.

Mr. Heyworth Dixon is writing a work on "Spiritual Wives," which is a euphuism for "pious polygamy." His labors this time are not on the Mormon multitude of the Salt Lake, but on those much nearer home. They dive into German and English developments. The revelations will be startling, and the accounts sensational.

Has the following story appeared in any of your journals: A Macclesian clerk, in an office in New York, received the visit of a brave son of Erin, who fraternized with and embraced him in a most gushing manner. The master of the establishment said to his clerk, "after the last importation had left:

"You seem to know him well?"

"Know him?" replied the clerk, "I should think I do! His grandfather was a general, his father was a general, and he himself would have been a general had he remained in Ireland."

"That relieves my mind," said the master; "for I thought he was very free with your pockets. Is it all right?"

"Oh, murder!" cried the clerk, "my purse has gone—and my watch, too! Oh, the spalpeen! the villain! the big thief!"

"So," said his master; "but you seemed to know him."

"Know him?" replied the clerk; "did I not! His grandfather was hanged, his father was hanged, and he himself would have been hanged had he staid in Ireland!"

At the moment of writing all London is in an intense fog; it is scarcely possible to stir. There has been a very pretty assault d'armes in the French Chamber between the President and M. Pelletan, who called the French army Pretorians, and who dared the President to call history to order. Whether Julius Cæsar liked the appeal is uncertain; but it reminds the reader of a certain learned society, long ruled by bigotry, in which a former vice-president, since—peace to his ashes—departed, while in the chair, in a hazy after-dinner condition, suddenly woke up and put it to the vote that thanks should be returned to P. Terentius Afer for the liberal donation of his works. To return to the French, Marshal Niel is going to pass the nation through the army mill, and they are to come out the poliest of subjects of "disciplined despotism."

#### Scene at the Office of the Secretary of War, January 14th—Mr. Stanton Receiving the Congratulations of his Friends.

OUR engraving represents Mr. Stanton receiving the congratulations of his friends upon the occasion of his re-installation as Secretary of War. The scene is identified with an event that has created the utmost excitement throughout the country. Popular sentiment upon the subject is divided, and political parties, of course, entertain opposite opinions, while partisan journals comment, some in approbation, others in condemnation of the action of General Grant, in making the transfer of the Department. It is not our province to criticize the political aspect of the situation, but simply to illustrate a fact that is of peculiar interest to the public.

On Monday, the 13th ult., the National Senate, in Executive Session, passed a resolution declaring the nonconcurrence of that body in the action of the President suspending Mr. Stanton. The Secretary of the Senate prepared certified copies of the resolution, and served them upon Secretary Stanton and General Grant. The next morning, shortly after nine o'clock, the General proceeded to the War Department, took his private papers, locked the room of the Secretary, handed the key to Adjutant-General Townsend, and retired to army headquarters. At about half-past ten Mr. Stanton entered, obtained the key and took possession. Shortly afterward General Grant, at Mr. Stanton's request, called, and the two held a quiet interview. During the day many visitors called and congratulated the Secretary upon his re-installation. Among those represented in the engraving, in addition to General Grant and Mr. Stanton, are Senators Trumbull and Wilson, Bishop Simpson, Generals Pope and Dent, and others, distinguished in field or legislative hall.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.

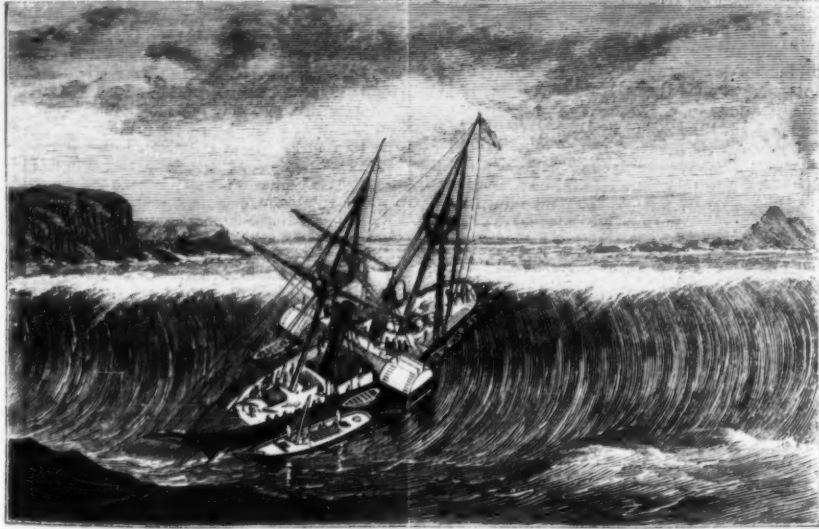


THE HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

The Harbor of St. Thomas after the Earthquake.

As it is probable that St. Thomas will soon be regu-

disturbed by the elements and the destructive effects of earthquakes and tornadoes. By way of contrast, we give in this number a representation of the city and harbor of St. Thomas after the earthquake.



THE EARTHQUAKE WAVE AT ST. THOMAS STRIKING THE STEAMSHIP LA PLATA.

have already been related to the public through the columns of this journal. The scene represented in our engraving was perhaps the most terrible of that series of disasters. About twenty minutes after the great

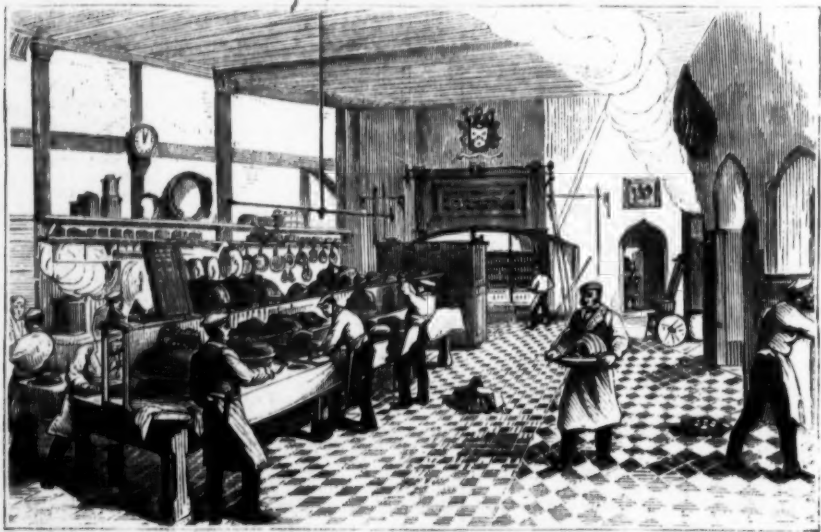
ships, and pulling for life to the shore. In a few seconds the cause of the panic was apparent. A monstrous breaker, or rather a sea wall, variously estimated at from thirty feet to sixty feet high, was seen racing in



SWEARING IN SPECIAL CONSTABLES IN GUILDHALL, LONDON



FESTIVAL OF THE ESCALADE, GENEVA.



THE CHARTER HOUSE KITCHEN, SUTTON HOSPITAL, ENGLAND, DURING PREPARATION FOR DINNER ON FOUNDER'S DAY

lary established in our national household, everything of importance that occurs there is of family importance to our people. In our last issue we gave the public an illustration of St. Thomas in its normal condition, un-

## The Earthquake Wave at St. Thomas.

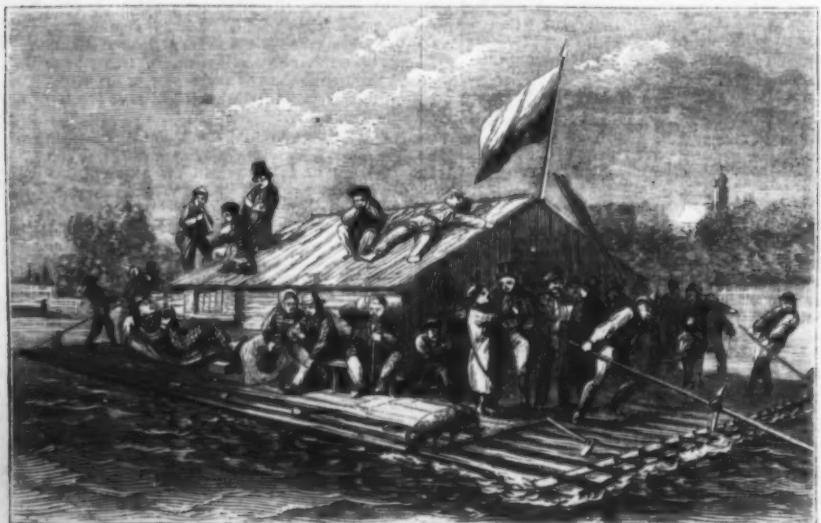
The incidents of the earthquake at St. Thomas, and of the effects generally of the extraordinary convulsions of nature in the West Indies and surrounding waters,



CATASTROPHE IN THE MINES OF BLANZY—RESCUING THE VICTIMS OF THE EXPLOSION FROM THE PIT.

shock on the 18th, a confused cry was heard from the sailors and workmen on board the shipping in the harbor, while numbers of them were seen pouring, like strings of ants down a wall, over the sides of the

toward the harbor, at a pace of fifty miles an hour. I seemed as if the town at least, if not the whole island, would be swept away. As, however, it approached, the narrowness of the entrance and the rocky headlands it

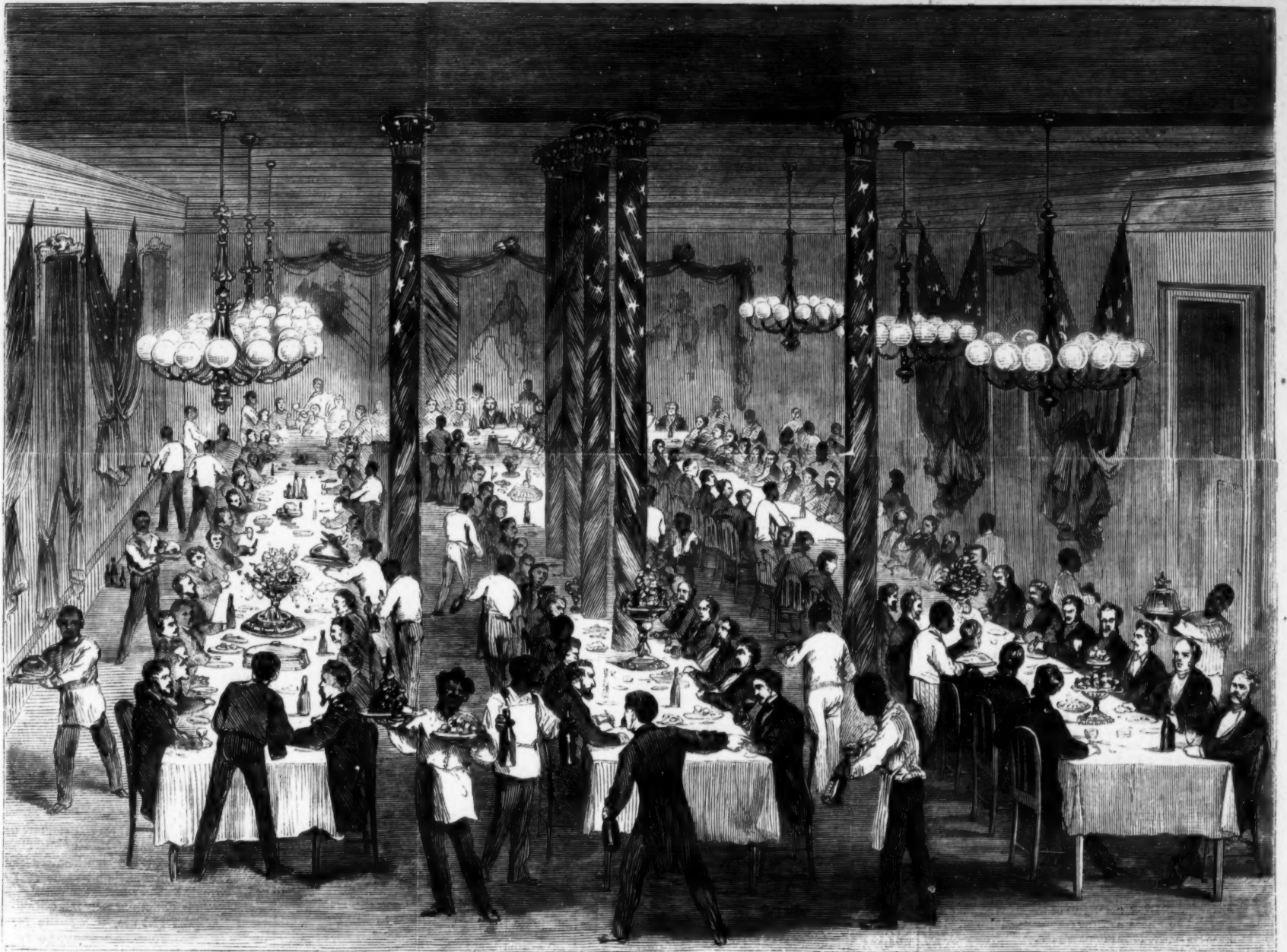


A PASSENGER RAFT ON THE DANUBE, AUSTRIA



A MOORISH MARRIAGE IN NORTHERN AFRICA.





BANQUET AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 53D ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE PAGE 310.

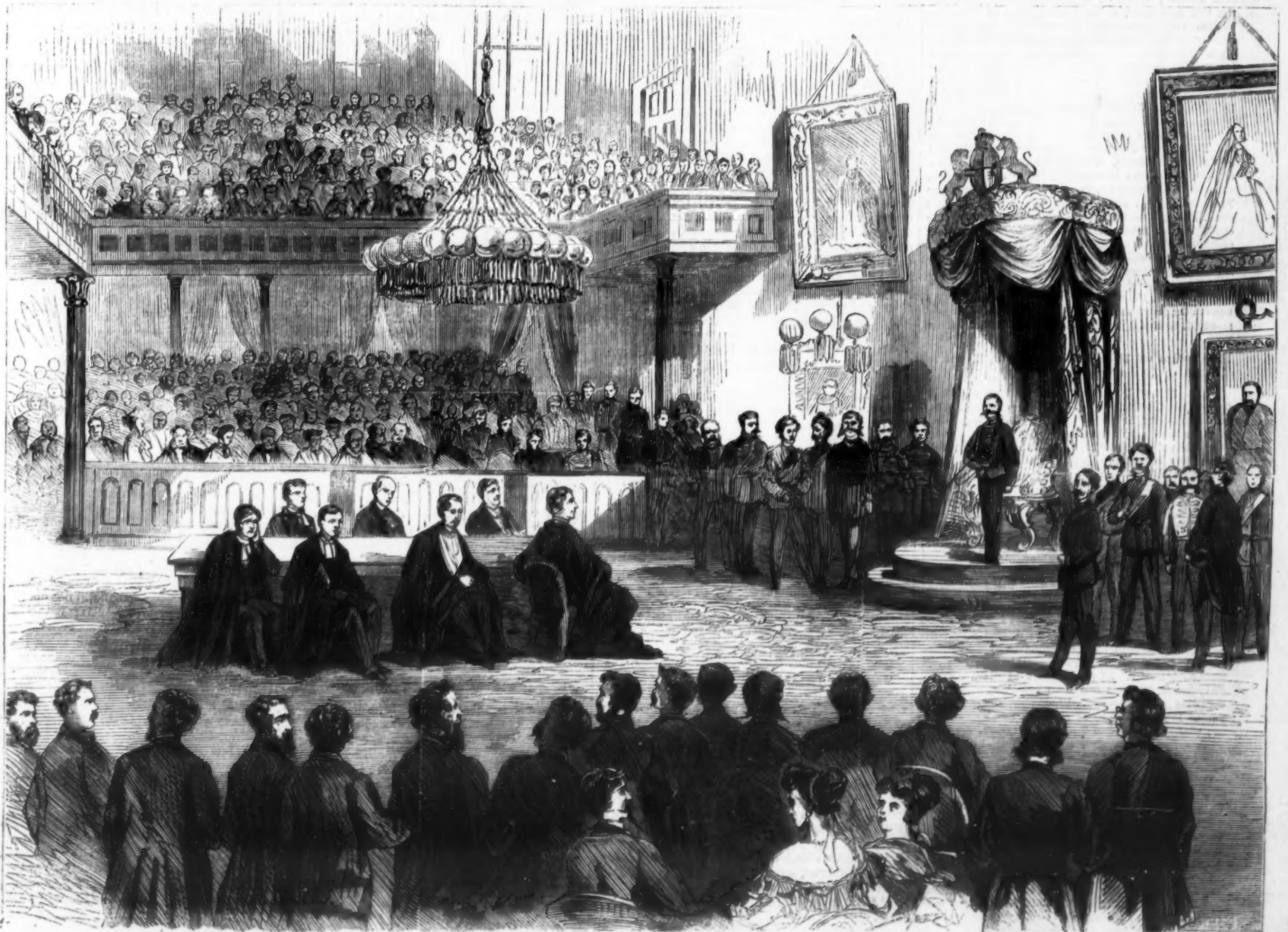
encountered checked its force and reduced its elevation; and though it tore large ships from their anchorage turned small ones bottom upward, and submerged

several boats and crews, it finally broke with comparative harmlessness on the beach. Our illustration shows the wave striking the Royal Mail Steamship La Plata.

**Swearing in Special Constables at Guildhall.**

The precautions taken by the British Government for

the prevention and suppression of Fenian outbreaks and disturbances, indicate the existence in England of no little anxiety upon the subject. The number of



OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT OF QUEBEC UNDER CONFEDERATION, DEC. 27TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. C. GILMORE.—SEE PAGE 310.



Special policemen sworn in may be estimated at thirty thousand in London alone. The organization of this special force is as follows: A police station in each parish is selected as the headquarters of the division of special constables of that parish. Every other station is a rallying-point. In fact, the police stations afford a ready means of placing the special constables in direct communication with the police force. Supposing an alarm to be given, and an order issued to call out the special constables of a parish, the police inspector or superintendent at the headquarters station has means at his disposal for immediately calling together the whole force of constables. No mistake can arise as to where each constable has to go, as he is furnished with a card directing him to a specified rallying-point, where he will meet with his officer prepared to give him his necessary orders. Judging from the earnest manner in which the movement has been taken up, and the fact that numerous officers of high military rank have consented to act as superintendents, there can be little doubt that the services of special constables will be found available at any time or place where they may be needed. The process of swearing in is shown in our engraving as in operation at the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Robert Carden, Alderman Sir William Rose, and Mr. Oke (the Chief Clerk at the Mansion House), presided.

#### The Charter House Kitchen—Preparations for Dinner on Founder's Day.

Charter House, together with upward of twenty manors and lordships, with many other valuable estates in the counties of Essex, Lincoln, Wilts, Cambridge and Middlesex, constitutes the Sulton Hospital, the gift of the "good old Thomas Sutton." It has been designated "the masterpiece of Protestant English charity." For centuries Charter House has been famous for its hospitalities. Our engraving represents the kitchen during the preparation of the dinner with which the old Carthusians celebrated the Founder's Day on the 12th December of last year, under the presidency of the venerable Archdeacon Hall, the master of Charter House. The attendance at the celebrations on the 12th ult., in the chapel, at the oration and in the hall, was unusually numerous, probably from the fact that the Carthusians are about to remove to other quarters at Godalming, in Surrey, the Merchant Tailors' Company having agreed to give £90,000 for the purchase of Charter House. It was of the nature of a farewell celebration, with the memories of centuries of charity and hospitality hovering around.

#### A Passenger Raft on the Danube.

Our engraving does not exactly represent a floating palace, such as may be seen swiftly gliding through the waters of the lakes and rivers in our own country. On the contrary, nothing could be more primitive, rude and inelegant than the passenger raft that we picture on the broad bosom of the Danube, depending upon the rapid current of the stream to be conveyed to its destination. The passengers seem to be as uncomfortable as their unwieldy bark, and are evidently making the most of their limited opportunities to enjoy themselves. These rafts, having reached their destinations, are sold as lumber, as they are scarcely fitted to ascend the stream. Their errand of transportation is soon over, and, after cleaving the waters of the Danube, they are knocked to pieces, and the fragments subjected to inglorious repose in the lumber yard.

#### Anniversary of the Escalade at Geneva.

On the 11th of December, 1602, the Duke of Savoy, attempting to take the city of Geneva by storm, was repulsed by the valor, energy, and patriotism of the inhabitants. This gave rise to the *fête* of the Escalade (assault) which is celebrated every year, on the 11th December, at Geneva. Last year the celebration was particularly brilliant. Our engraving represents the last episode of the festival, the marching of the historical cortege, singing the national hymn, around the fountain, which is the monument of the assault. The effect was picturesque and original. The cortege, in the costumes of the middle-age, lighted by torches and Bengal fire, of red, white, and green, presented a strange and striking appearance. The principal groups were thus disposed: the car representing the city of Geneva, escorted by the inhabitants, rushing half-clad to arms, in imitation of the fact of the assault; Picot, the bombardier; the Genevese watch, with the dark lanterns; the company of halberdiers; Theodore de Beze and the Genevese at the Cathedral of St. Peter; Dame Roysaume upon her donkey, preceded by her kettle. Dame Roysaume was a valiant citizeness, who struck down one of the soldiers of the Duke of Savoy with her iron kettle. The comic groups represent the Duchess of Gerolstein in her carriage, followed by her grenadiers; the beautiful Helen with her Shepherd, Paris; Olympus and its gods. It has been many years since the *fête* of the escalade was so splendid, or accomplished so liberal a collection for the poor.

#### Explosion of Fire Damp at the Mines of Blahzy.

On the 12th of December, 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a tremendous explosion was heard at the mines of Blahzy, at the shafts called the "Cinq-sous." It was a fire-damp explosion, so violent that the engineer, Pommier, and his associate miners, who were proceeding toward the shaft to ascend, were hurled, half-suffocated, to the earth by the current of air, and had great difficulty in reaching a point where they could breathe. The engineer was just able to reach the mouth of the shaft with a young lad in his arms, to throw himself into the cage and give the signal to ascend. Upon hearing of this calamity, the director of the mines, the engineer-in-chief and other officers, hastened to render assistance, but before they reached the scene, a master miner, named John Saumier, as soon as the smoke had somewhat cleared away, descended the shaft at peril of his life, and commenced the work of rescue. An immense crowd gathered, the gendarmes and authorities hurried to the spot. It was with difficulty that the crowd could be kept back, so eager were all to search for friends and relatives among those scorched and blackened bodies. At four o'clock in the afternoon, forty-five of the dead had been removed, and sixteen wounded had been conveyed to the hospital of the company. It was afterward ascertained that by this terrible disaster eighty-two workmen perished, seventeen were seriously wounded, and twenty-eight received slight injury.

#### A Moorish Marriage in Northern Africa.

Although the Moorish ceremony of marriage might strike the fair brides of our own world of fashion as not being quite *en vogue* in the matter of detail, still it cannot be denied that the scene as represented in our engraving is picturesque, and suggestive of a high order of Oriental luxury and of the poetry of social life. No fault can be found with the bride, except perhaps that some Miss Flora McFlinty might criticize her bridal costume. She is, indeed, in respect to attire, somewhat in advance of the age, and would be

applauded by every advocate of the Bloomer doctrine. But her features and posture express a becoming modesty and timidity that accords well with the occasion, while the handsome bridegroom exhibits a proper appreciation of the solemnity, and stands in his graceful robes with far more self-possession than most men of our clime can command while passing through a similar ordeal.

#### Anniversary Banquet at Washington, D. C., in Commemoration of the Battle of New Orleans.

The grand banquet, held in the Metropolitan Hotel, Washington, D. C., on the evening of the 8th of January last, in celebration of the fifty-third anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, was a brilliant success, as far as a pleasant evening, ample preparations, and a large company tend to secure that end. The spacious dining-halls were handsomely decorated with flags, and portraits of Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay were suspended on the wall. The long tables, which were plentifully covered with the dainties of the season arranged in a very attractive manner, were surrounded by a company of over two hundred persons. Honorable Judge Dunlap was accorded the honor of presiding over the exercises, and after the reading of letters of regret from several prominent gentlemen who had been invited to participate in the celebration, toasts were called for, and speeches in response were made by President Johnson, Attorney-General Stanberry and others. The exercises were continued until an early hour on the following morning, when the guests began to withdraw, evidently well pleased with their entertainment.

#### Opening of the Parliament of the Province of Quebec Under Confederation.

The first session of the Parliament of Quebec, under Confederation, opened on the afternoon of the 27th December, 1867, simultaneously with that of the sister province of Ontario. The old halls of the Canadian Parliament had been put through a complete course of renovation in anticipation of this event. Precisely at three o'clock, amid a salvo of artillery, His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Sir Narcisse F. Bellefleur, proceeded to the House in state, escorted by a detachment of the Quebec Hussars. Accompanied by a brilliant staff, his Excellency in court uniform, entered the chamber of the Legislative Council, which was crowded with a numerous and bright assemblage of ladies and gentlemen; and the throne having been vacated by the honorable the Speaker, he took his seat thereon, and signified his pleasure that the members of the Legislative Assembly should be summoned to appear before him, which having been done, the latter assembled in a body before the bar of the House, when his Excellency addressed them. After the departure of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Assembly elected Colonel Blanchet Speaker, and the House adjourned till the next day, when the regular business of the Legislature opened with the delivery of the speech from the throne.

#### Story of Miriam Doane.

Her whole physique was superb. From the crown of her perfect head to the arch of her springing foot, the one impression she gave was of intense vital power. Untainted health spoke in every undulating curve of the round, lithe limbs.

With hair which waved and glittered like powdered gold dust, hazel eyes, mottled with spots from which the light scintillated in gleaming jets, the charm of her face lay in its living, vivid, palpitating color. Added to all this, were almost masculine mental ability and firmness.

We looked at Miriam Doane, and gloried in her day after day until that one came when Helsingford was introduced to her. I can see them yet as they were then. She, bending a little forward, one hand thrown outward and open, her whole attitude eager, expectant, joyous. He, coming down the long room, his face full toward her, a flood of morning sunlight warming the pale tints of hair, and making coronations in his eyes; strange eyes they were, like an opium-eater's, dark, purplish, and full of vague dreams. I did not think of that then; I only saw the fresh young face with its pointed beard, its flushing color, and nervous, mobile lips, and that Miriam was taking the impression of his strong, manly youth, gladly.

"What a splendid couple?" said Adam Clarke, when they were seated and talking.

"Yes."

Both of us watched them in silence.

"Who is he?" I asked at last.

"Carl Helsingford."

"An American?"

"Not by birth," Clarke answered, "nor education. He's just from Heidelberg. A good fellow."

"That means many things. How shall I understand you?"

"In the best possible sense. Carl is enthusiastic, generous, and of unblemished reputation—full of queer fancies though."

"How could it be otherwise? The very air of Germany is a metaphysical atmosphere. It's a grand old country though."

"Yes, he's wild about Faderland. Carl is German, body and soul. He lacks one requisite for being a thorough American."

"What?"

"He has no more faculty of making or keeping money than an animal—if he likes that is all, and comprehends everything with him. The very thought of death will make his cheek pale."

"A coward, then?"

"Mentally, yes—physically, no."

"A distinction without a difference."

"Pardon me, there is a vast difference. The thought of dying, of shutting ones eyes forever on all light and beauty, and being laid away to rot under the sod our feet have trodden in the heyday of life, appalls many a brave man, men too who will stand unflinching before death in a hundred shapes, forgetting that they can die."

People were noticing us.

"Let us go to Miriam," I said, taking Clarke's arm.

Going toward them, I felt a little disappointed. The profile of Helsingford's face was toward me. It might have been another person, so different was the effect. There was a sharpness of outline, a droop to the mouth, making the whole face harder, and seemingly older.

They were discussing Shakespeare—one of Miriam's favorite themes. Those plays were her book of life, she said. We listened to her.

"People are mistaken," she said; "they do not understand him. For instance, they speak of jealousy and quote Othello. Shakespeare never intended to delineate that passion when he conceived that tragedy. It was the strength of hypocrisy, illustrated by Iago—the weakness of credulity, personified in the Moor. If you look for jealousy, go to his 'Winter's Tale'; mark its birth as it sprang to life from nothing; follow the husband of Hermione through his insane folly, and you will find every shade of that monstrous passion—its yearning, its cruelty, its remorse. How many wives since Shakespeare wrote have been frozen into a living death by its workings? How many a god-like man has dipped his hands in blood and become a Pariah among his fellows at the dictate of his horrid impulses?"

She ceased, and all at once grew white to the lips, while with one hand she clutched her side. Almost before one could think, it was gone, and she was sparkling as ever. That night when we were undressing and chatting as girls will—

"What ailed me to-night, Ursula?" she asked. "It seemed as though that man was smothering me."

"I knew Miriam was just the least bit superstitious, so I said, laughing:

"I suppose his fine eyes poured resuscitating fire into your veins then, for you recovered wonderfully quick?"

"Don't laugh, Ursula," she said. "It was the strangest feeling I ever experienced. I wonder what caused it."

I too, wondered, but said nothing. It was so unusual a thing for aught to be ailing Miriam, that I scrutinized her closely at breakfast the next morning. She looked bright as the morning itself, so far as color went, but about her eyes was a tired look—a droop of the lid that gave the pupil a smoldering glow.

We talked of Helsingford.

"I like him," I cried; "there isn't another as perfectly developed man in the city. A human being with such a conformation must have a soul grand as immortality itself."

Miriam thought a moment and she said, slowly:

"You will find yourself mistaken, Ursula; as sure as you live that man is selfish and cruel—selfish enough to win a woman's whole love and make her its slave—cruel enough to drink up her life, to round his into perfect fullness."

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, Miriam! I thought you liked him?"

"Like him! So I do. He was born for a god among men; they feel his power, they yield to the strength of his imperious will—what can a woman's weakness do to withstand him?"

One hour afterward Helsingford was announced. Sitting in the morning-room, I could hear his clear, sonorous tones as he talked, telling his experience at Heidelberg, repeating mystic legends of the Rhine, quoting such writers as Goethe and Jean Paul Richter. I listened with awed senses as he repeated that terrible dream of Richter's. When he came to the Christ's awful declaration, "There is no Father!" the blackness of chaos surrounded me; I was bewildered, and whirled away in a fearful phantasmagoria.

Shortly afterward Miriam came in, with eyes blazing, lips quivering, her cheeks red and hot.

"Ursula, I'm tired to death," she said, dropping into a chair. Dark rings were round her eyes, and her pulse beat with a sudden thud.

From that day forth Miriam began to fail, yet the change was so slowly wrought as to be scarcely perceptible for months—a quick catching of the breath, a shivering tremor now and then, was all the closest watching made manifest.

Helsingford came and went, the life of the household. That Miriam loved him, you had only to see her, from the moment his foot crossed the threshold, to know. That he loved her I believe. And yet, whenever he was near her, I felt a vague yearning to part them—to send him to the ends of the world from my cousin, where his hands could never touch her, his lips never drink the life from hers.

At last the time came when Miriam rose late in the morning, and then lay all day in a kind of listless rest on the sofa, wheeled to the south window, where one could see the crisp wave of the bay lapped in the yellow autumn sunlight, and hear their ceaseless gurgle as they crept up and broke upon the white, shining sands of the beach.

Her father would come in, the cheerful smile on his lip striving with the anxious fear in his eyes, and then Miriam would wind her arms—how thin they were growing!—around his neck, and talk of the coming winter and its gayeties, boasting how many conquests she would make, how many hearts to ache.

"God help us!" the old man would sigh; "I fear she will indeed make sore hearts among us." Many physicians came to see her; none gave a definite answer to the eager questions, "What ails her?"

It might be heart disease—the sudden spasmodic pain in her left side favored that opinion; it might be that American curse, consumption—the intermittent cough, the fever in her veins, the fierce brightness of her eye, were almost conclusive symptoms. All told her she would get well, but shook their wise heads ominously when in private consultation. One proposed that she should seek a warmer climate for the winter, but Miriam protested so strongly against leaving home, and declared so earnestly that she was better, that they allowed her to have her own way. After all, it would have made no difference; she would have carried the cause of her death with her.

All this time Helsingford was almost constantly with her. If she slept, it was with her hand clasped in his; he supplied every want before it was felt, and his bright, joyous face, his clear, ringing voice and fleet step, was as fresh and bracing as the sweep of a north-west wind. As I watched them together queer thoughts filtered through my brain. If they talked, he gazed straight into her cornucopious eyes, and, asking the briefest questions, answering in the shortest monosyllables, he drew her out on every subject, history, poetry, painting—but it was sculpture that interested her most, and on which she talked the best. Helsingford knew little of its rules or technicalities; he saw the pure marble or glorious bronze, his soul felt the story unrolled in its perfect chiseling, and had a sensuous joy in its glowing beauty, or a shivering horror in its speaking pain. One day, while Miriam was looking at a head of Sappho, small but exquisitely cut, Helsingford and Adam Clarke came in together. Clarke had been away for some time, and I noticed the start of surprise at sight of my cousin's altered face. He shook hands with her, answered her still bright smile by a few encouraging words, then came over to me, and, after a cordial greeting, sat looking earnestly at the couple opposite.

Helsingford held the Sappho in his hand, not looking at it, but straight into Miriam's eyes, which were burning with a feverish light; her face, just before white as the marble one, was flushed on the cheeks to a vivid crimson, and her mobile lips fairly pulsed with the sentences she uttered. I had seen them thus a thousand times when she was with her lover, never at any other time.

Suddenly Clarke turned to me:

"Did you ever hear of a vampire, Miss Ursula?" he asked.

I almost sprang from my chair at this strange question. It gave a living form to my own thoughts, but I did not answer; only waited for him to go on.

"Not of one with such a face as Carl's, eh?" he laughed. "Well, let me put my question in a more rational way. You have heard of things absorbent and things diffusive. You know that by the combination of natural elements a substance is formed which draws all the light and heat from other elements and holds them in its prison-house for its own use. Apply the principle to human organizations—look at the illustration before you: Carl's nature is absorbent, Miriam's diffusive; his is the strongest, hence is drawing her life into his own. In other words, he is drawing her system of its vitality to feed his own, and Miriam is dying not of heart-disease—but of Helsingford!"

Here, then, was the truth—here my vague fancies found reasonable utterance. But what could be done? They loved each other; either of them would laugh at our folly if it were told them. Must the poor girl die, then?—die for a love-dream?

Inwardly I declared she should not. In a few moments I crossed over to the sofa. Touching my cousin's hand, I found it hot and dry, and as she dropped back on the pillows a gasping breath and droop of eyelids told the strain she had been under.

Somehow I could not speak pleasantly to Carl; for the time I hated the man. Clarke's idea of the vampire haunted me with an almost superstitious dread.

The longer I thought the clearer Clarke's theory became to me. I remember how that first night of their meeting, Miriam's illness began; and the retrospect of every day only added more convincing proof.

Only one thing could be done—Helsingford must be kept away. But how? Fate favored us; the next day brought Carl as usual, but there was a cloud over him; he looked at Miriam with troubled eyes, talking little. She slept, and he came to me with such a sad, perplexed look in his face, that I said involuntarily:

"Well, Carl! what is it?"

"Read this, Miss Ursula, and tell me what to do," he said, handing me a letter with a foreign post-mark.

It was from his uncle in Germany, beseeching him to return to that country to be present at his death, which was approaching from an incurable malady. He begged his nephew to come and care for the cousin who would be left desolate when her father died.

"You must go!" I said, and dared not meet Carl's eye lest it should read the exultation in mine.

"Go; and leave Miriam, my darling?" he cried. "How can I do that, and she dying, maybe? No, no! and yet my young cousin—my poor little Greta alone there—how sad for her! My uncle is the best friend I ever had—he educated me—gave me a home when in Heidelberg—he will think me an ungrateful dog—but I cannot leave my betrothed?"

"Listen to me," I said. "You must go; it is your duty. I know that my cousin would tell you the same. Be assured she will not die in your absence. You will find her far better when you return; trust me it will be best so."

"But she will grieve; will think me careless and unkind, when I would die for her!"

A rustling on the sofa made me turn toward it, Miriam was resting on her arm, looking eagerly toward us.

"Are you there, Carl?" she cried. "Oh! I dreamed you were gone far away; I tried to follow you, but the ground crumbled under my feet, and great waves rolled between us."

She sank back with a long shivering sigh, while Carl looked at me with reproachful eyes, and soothed the nervous sufferer.

What could I do? would the parting be worse for her than his presence? It was death if he staid, I felt that, but was she strong enough to bear the separation? If I only knew!

Just then Dr. Goring was announced. He was an elderly man; the family physician for a longer time than I had lived. I resolved to tell him my



fears, and even if he laughed at them, to implore his aid. Helsingford took leave.

"How are you, my dear young lady?" asked the kind doctor, taking one of the wasted hands in his; "not any better, I see," he added, feeling her pulse.

"I am just tired to death, doctor," my cousin answered.

"You talk too much, child; Miss Ursula must be more careful; excitement is killing you; I see how it is; that young fellow must wait till you are stronger, eh?" and the good man laughed at Miriam's rising color.

I went into the adjoining room, waiting for the doctor to come out. When he did I told him of what I had been thinking, and at the close, instead of the laugh I expected, I saw a very grave look about his firm mouth.

"There may be something in it," he said. "Cannot Helsingford be got away for a time until we can see how much reality there is in your surmises?"

Then I told him of Carl's letter; he brightened immediately.

"I'll arrange all that, young madam," he said, joyfully. "You just keep them apart as much as possible, and Carl shall go to his cousin."

Bidding me "good-night," he hastened away, and I went back a little relieved, to find my cousin sleeping lightly; her wasted hands crossed on her breast; her respiration short and panting.

My beautiful cousin! All her old strength and loveliness came back to me as I looked at her. Then I thought of her that summer morning, and of Helsingford, and remembered the strange disappointment I felt on a nearer view of him.

"Well, Carl," I said to him next day.

"Dr. Goring says it will be better for Miriam if I go. What does he mean, Ursula?"

"Just what he says, Carl," and then I summoned courage to tell him all that we had said and thought. An incredulous laugh broke from him; nevertheless I saw a look of hopeless wretchedness steal over his handsome face.

He went straight to my cousin, and kneeling by her, clasping her hand, he told her of his uncle's letter, and asked her:

"Shall it be so, my darling? Do you, too, bid me go?"

"Yes, Carl, you ought to go. There, dear, leave me now; I've something to say to Ursula." Wondering at her quietness, I saw Helsingford depart. When I came back she put her arms around my neck with a wan smile.

"I am almost done with the world, cousin," she said. "If I say good-by to Carl now, it will only be a few days sooner; it is best so."

"Don't say that, dear; you will be soon better, I whispered, returning her caress; but I knew that I lied.

"Never better, cousin; put your hand here. Can you feel my heart throb? Well, sometimes I fancy there is no heart there. I think Carl has it; I can feel the beating in my bosom, but my blood as well as his own throbs in his veins. All sensation seems to come through him—foolish fancies, are they not?"

"Sick fancies, cousin," I answered; yet I felt they were true.

That night Dr. Goring came, bringing with him a young M. D., whom he had just installed his partner. Dr. Blake was not a handsome man; he gave one the idea of immense strength; his dark eyes glowed with a steady genial light; his voice, deep and sonorous, was yet even and gentle as a woman's.

Taking Miriam's thin nervous hand in his, he went on talking to the others. He did not ask the sick girl a question, or seem to watch her; and we were so absorbed in the subject he spoke of, that for a few minutes I forgot Miriam; then I saw an intelligent look pass between the two physicians, and turning my eyes where theirs were directed, saw that my cousin had fallen into a soft, refreshing slumber; the faintest pink dyed her hollow cheeks; her lips lay a little apart, and her breath passed them in slow, even respiration, unlike the fitful, nervous, almost spasmodic sleep of months past.

Almost involuntarily I looked from her face into Dr. Blake's, and it held my eyes in a prolonged gaze. It was a powerful face. The compact brow with its grand perceptive faculties, the fine aquiline nose, above a mouth square, firm, passionately gentle, giving wondrous meaning to the dusky eye—luminous with something more than pity for the beautiful invalid. Where did he get the power to still that wasted frame, to cool the fever of the blood and bring sleep, soft, balmy as an infant's, to that shattered organization? I could not tell; but I felt its hidden force when he took my hand at parting; it was as though all the blood in my veins bounded to my finger-ends to meet some sentient living thing coming from his. The memory of that sensation is as palpable to me now as when it happened years and years ago.

Carl went to Germany. At first we missed him sorely, and my cousin would lie with closed eyes, thinking of him I knew. One day, when he had been gone some weeks, she called me to her, then lay for a long time without speaking. At last, "How is Ursula?" she said. "I love Carl dearly, I miss him, and yet when I think of his coming, the strangest, warmest dread comes over me—a weight that presses me to death. I wonder what it is."

I tried to explain it to her; but she only shook her head wearily and sighed. Dr. Blake came in then—he came every day—and immediately I saw the anxious, pained expression die out of her face, and a look of perfect rest come over it. What did it mean? Did she love Dr. Blake? No, for she loved Carl, and my cousin's heart was a true one. What then? Only another problem which we must leave Psychology to solve.

Advent came; in the churches Laudamus Deo was swelling in grand organ note; chanters sang the Birth of Christ; and from swinging censers the breath of incense went up to heaven. Every

heart answered to the pealing "Gloria," while outside the snow lay like Gideon's fleece, white and soft. The stars sang as they did the first morn after creation, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

But the shadows were thick in our house and hearts. We believed Miriam was dying. For days she had seemed so much better, so like her old self, that we had hoped more than we dared say. That afternoon she had fallen asleep; slumbering peacefully for a long time. All at once, with a wild cry of "Carl, Carl, my God!" she flung her arms upward and sank back as pale, as rigid as the dead. She had not moved since. We could just see the faintest breath flutter her bosom, and the pulse-beat at her wrist was but a quiver. Dr. Blake was holding her hand, still as a marble image, but the look in his face was one of anticipation rather than dread.

Hours we sat there—her father's sobbing breath the only sound breaking the stillness. Twelve o'clock pealed from the mantel. After its tones died out we waited again. Everything became unreal to me. I was floating away on a mystic tide of wondrous imaginings, when Dr. Blake touched my hand.

"Look!" he said.

I did, and saw the rigid features unlocked from their death-like trance; the white lids quivered, a long sighing breath heaved the warming bosom, and Miriam awoke—saved, thank God!

It was weeks after that, when my cousin sat again by the window, the scarlet shawl trailing from her shoulders giving life to the still, wan face, when Uncle Doane came in, his face troubled, his hand unsteady.

"What is it, father?" she asked.

"Bad news, my daughter; can you bear to hear it? Be brave, dear child. Heaven pity you, dear!"

"I can bear it. Tell me!" she cried, every muscle of her countenance set in hard lines.

"Carl is dead!" said the old man, solemnly. "Dead! Drowned at sea."

"Yes, I know," Miriam whispered. "He died that night. I heard him call me. You know I tried to go, but something broke here," laying her hand on her heart, "a chord that had strained and tightened a long time. I knew then he was dead. Poor Carl!"

That was all—no moaning or lamenting. Better and fairer she grew. Once more we sat alone, I dreaming of a summer long past; Miriam sleeping, I thought. All at once she put her hand in mine.

"He's coming, Ursula," she said. "In a moment I shall see him. Oh! joy!"

"What do you mean, Miriam?" I cried; but the words had not crossed my lips when a step rang on the stair, and in an instant after Dr. Blake came into the room. Miriam stepped forward, and as he whispered, "Come, darling!" laid her hands in his, and her glorious head on his breast. She had found her resting-place at last.

### Suicide Extraordinary.

SOMEWHERE or other in the very heart of one of the loveliest districts of woodland, there lived, not very long ago, a dog. This dog came, by the father's side, of the great family of the Newfoundland; and by the mother's, claimed connection with the Setters—both well-known names, both families from which any dog might be proud to be descended, and both illustrious for all the virtues with which the canine race is gifted. No unworthy scion of these ancient and honorable stocks was our hero. With the more masculine characteristics of the Newfoundland, he combined the almost feminine tenderness of the Setter; so that it was difficult to say whether he were a Newfoundland softened and refined to the extreme degree, or a Setter of a more than ordinary bold and masculine character. A dog so formed to inspire at the same time affection and respect, was, as you may suppose, a favorite with every one—was, indeed, the idol of the neighborhood. He was credited, and not without much show of reason, with possessing intelligence to a degree quite supercanine. He was pointed out to strangers as a curiosity, and was spoken of as a creature holding an intermediate rank between man and beast. Wonderful stories were told of him; how, when the grocer's little girl was lost, the dog roamed the country the whole night through, found her, and restored her to her friends; how, when the thieves got into the church, the dog discovered them, and flew for assistance to the nearest house—not, mind, because it was the nearest house, but because it was the sexton's; how, when Farmer Boodle found, on his return from market, that he had lost his pocket-book, containing the price of two cows, the dog made his appearance with the book in his mouth, just in time to make it unnecessary for the farmer, who, in his despair, had already torn out three handfuls of hair, to commit further devastation. The dog was the hero of a multitude of stories of this kind, and was valued accordingly. The brute—I use the term with no offensive meaning—had fairly established a claim upon the consideration of the humans by displaying an intelligence almost as great as the intelligence of a man; and the humans allowed this claim, and satisfied it by showing for the brute an affection almost as warm and constant as the affection of a dog.

Never was so happy a dog; but mark you, his happiness sprang from the sympathy which attached him to a superior class of creatures to his own. He had, we may at once allow, a nobler and a larger mind than is common among his canine brethren. With them he had no fellow-feeling. No one ever saw him, with arched tail, and fun in every hair of him, assisting a fellow-dog to gallop strange circles on the grass, as if between them they were devising illustrations for an edition of Euclid for the use of dogs. But any day he might be seen the centre of a group of

delighted children; romping with them, allowing himself to be dressed in fantastic suits of flowers, or led a happy prisoner in a daisy-chain. No one ever saw him going on a friendly walk with another dog; but he would go for miles with the doctor, waiting at the patient's door till the man of medicine re-appeared, and then meeting him with a look of interest and a low inquiring bark, which no one ever doubted meant:

"Well, sir, how is the old lady to-day?" or, "The baby any better, sir?" or whatever the nature of the case might demand.

Mankind was his friend. What were dogs to him? What Atzees are to Europeans; what the aboriginal Australian is to the English squatter.

Very beautiful, no doubt, was the friendly relation thus existing between dog and man, and so long as the friendly relation endured, our hero was the happiest of dogs, the admired of all admirers, the welcome guest at every table; turn which way he would, he could not go wrong, where every house was his home, and every man, woman, and child his loving friend.

But there came an awful change. One day it was darkly whispered by some ignorant person that the dog was going mad.

The rumor spread: "going mad" became "gone mad," and "gone mad" "rabid," in very brief space.

The superior order of creation was seized with a panic in exactly the same way that panics operate upon the inferior orders. "Hydrophobia" was in every one's mouth, and the happiness of our hero was gone for ever. Behold him trotting quietly along a lane on a fine spring evening, making leisurely for the house of an intimate friend with whom, and in the society of whose charming family, he thinks of remaining till the next day. See! he stops and pricks his ears; he recognizes the footsteps of a friend; with alacrity, but at the same time with dignity, he quickens his pace; the friend comes in sight, and, the dog, springing toward him, says as plainly as dog-language will allow:

"I knew it was John. How are you, John?"

What is our hero's astonishment to see John leap hastily over a ditch on to a bank, and brandish a rake as no friend ever brandished a rake before; and to hear himself, in tones quite new to him, warned that if he comes a step nearer, he will have his brains dashed out. Seeing that John is apparently meditating hurling the rake at him, and is, past a doubt, actually kicking at the bank, in order to loosen a stone, our hero leaves him, more in sorrow than in anger, and more in astonishment than either. At the next turning, the dog looks back. John is standing in the middle of the lane, staring after him. Seeing the dog turn, John brandishes his rake once more, and goes through the pantomime of picking up a stone, with such a wild and exaggerated action, that the dog has but one conclusion to which he can come.

"I'm very sorry for it," he says to himself, "but there is no doubt about it, John is mad. John, through some cause or other—love or something else—is now a raving madman."

He shakes himself, pauses to consider what is to be done for John, sits down, and thoughtfully scratches himself behind the right ear, and while so doing, is startled by the sudden shrieking of children. He looks up, and perceived that two little children, who were coming in his direction down the lane, have turned, and are running back again as fast as they can, squealing with fear.

"Mr. Jones's twins!" says the dog, starting up. "Who's frightening them, I should like to know? Let me catch him at it; that's all," and dashes after them at full gallop. Before he reaches them, however, Mr. Jones himself makes his appearance, terribly flustered, and very pallid from some cause unknown. He flings himself recklessly over a five-barred gate, brandishes a pitchfork as John lately brandished the rake, and between whistles—can it really be so?—throws stones at him, the dog, and shouts fearful threats.

"This is a sickening state of things," says our hero. "John has evidently bitten Jones. If something is not done, we shall have the whole district in this condition. I'm off to the doctor's."

And without a moment's delay, he turns into the field, and makes his way straight across the country to the doctor's house.

With the familiarity which long acquaintance justified, arrived at the doctor's house, the dog jumped the garden-gate; and, seeing his friend engaged in watering flowers, bounded straight up to him, omitted, as the urgent nature of the case compelled, the customary salutations, and attempted at once to draw the doctor in the required direction by the simple process of taking one of his coat-tails in his mouth and pulling at it. The moment the doctor perceived the dog, he gave a shout of terror, flung away from him so abruptly that he left the greater part of the coat-tail between the dog's teeth, and fled precipitately into the house, banging the door violently after him. Appearing almost immediately at an upper window, he shook his fist ferociously at the astonished beast, loudly proclaimed his gratitude that his coat only had been bitten, yelled for his servants, who appeared one by one at different windows; and then himself and household, as if all were moved by a single impulse, commenced shaking weapons of various kinds at the poor innocent dog, and, with much abusive language, roared to him to quit the place.

As soon as his astonishment would allow him to move, the dog turned round with a miserable whine, drooped his tail, and ran slowly toward the gate. In passing the watering-can which the doctor had been using, he paused a moment and smelled the water; but shrinking from the idea of partaking, even in so slight a way as that, of the doctor's hospitality, after such treatment as he had received, he left it unsmelled. There was a unanimous shout from the house of "That proves it; he won't drink; it's too plain what's wrong

with him;" and the dog jumped the gate once more, and disappeared.

They could not all be mad: the doctor, of course—the superstitious belief in the doctor, so characteristic of the lower orders, here coming out strongly—the doctor, of course, could not be mad, nor the doctor's servants, who were constantly under his care. Then why Jones, who had only treated him as they had done? And why John, who had only behaved like Jones? No; it was too plain that they had all suddenly conceived a hatred for him, the dog; they had determined to have no more to do with him; they had made up their minds to throw him over—so cast him off. He would go to the friendly house to which he had been bound at first, for there he was certain of sympathy. He went. The children screamed and ran into the house; the farm-servants shut themselves up in the cow-shed; every one who saw him shouted at him, and threatened him with all sorts of dreadful deaths; and the master of the farm, his very good friend, his kindest and most intimate friend, displayed his much-loved figure at a window, pointed a gun at him, and swore that if he did not disappear instantly he'd blow him to smithereens. Who shall say what dismal thoughts were in the wretched dog's mind as he skulked off to some lonely hovel, far away from any one? In all seriousness, from what an agony of surprise he must have suffered. There is no doubting that dogs think; they know friends from enemies; they associate kindness received with the persons who show that kindness, and cruelty with the persons who are cruel. Then, when those who had up to this time been kind friends, suddenly turned and acted like bitter enemies, what miserable confusion of all his ideas of right and wrong—what disbelief in goodness and sincerity—what dismal disappointment must have torn his dog's heart! Did the sterner nature of his father, the Newfoundland, come to his aid in those hours of darkness and desertion? or did the gentle blood of his mother's family assert itself in him, and lead him to tell his sorrows to the moon until—should such a process be possible—he howled himself to sleep? Who can say what were the horrors of that night to him?

However, the next morning—apparently he had comforted himself with the thought that the previous day must have been the 1st of April, and all the people consequently foolish—he came out of his hovel comparatively cheerful, and still unwilling to believe that his intimate friend had seriously cast him off, made his appearance very delicately in the farmyard about breakfast-time. A milkmaid saw him first, screamed, and ran away; a cow-boy flung a fork at him; a man tried to throw a rope round his neck from the window of a loft (all friends of long-standing, these); last came the master with his gun again; and then the poor dog, hopeless utterly, threw his head up, gave a long howl that would have moved the pity of a mad-doctor, and fled away. All that day he wandered about, at intervals showing himself at different places—places where, a few hours before, welcome would have gone out to meet him—trying, seemingly, all his best friends one after another; and everywhere he was received the same way. The people with one consent had all turned against him; not a soul gave him a kind word, or looked at him with any eyes but those of terror or threatening; the children, who formerly were never tired of petting and fondling him, and whom he used to treat with a tenderness and delicacy particularly beautiful, now, when they saw him, screamed and ran to their mothers; the mothers screamed, and banged the doors in his face; the men throw at him the first thing that came to hand, and against him turned their plowshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears; every one's hand was against him; the whole neighborhood shrunk from him; the world hated him. At forty-five minutes past seven P.M. his heart broke. He turned away from a house where a friend of six years' standing had thrown a large flower-pot at him; while another friend, who had known his mother when quite a pup, climbed hastily into an apple-tree and applauded the deed. He stumbled down a well-known path which led to the river; the moon shone brightly; the water flashed white against the black shadow of the trees of the further bank. He stood a moment, the cast-off, broken-hearted creature, on the brink of the river; once more lifted his face to the sky, and protested with a pitiful howl against the cruelty of the world; and then deliberately committed suicide. He walked into the river until the water reached half-way up his shoulder, then plunged his head below the surface and held it there. The waves beat against him; his body swayed to and fro; the water caught his long hair and pulled at him; his limbs lost their strength, his feet their hold; the current took him; and with his head still held obstinately down, the river swept him away—far away from his ungrateful home.

ONE of the corps of scientific gentlemen now exploring Alaska states that fossil remains of the elephant and mastodon are frequent in a region extending along the river to Fort Yukon, 1,300 miles from the coast. Fossil ivory is found in several portions of the Arctic regions in quantities sufficient to make it of commercial importance, and may yet be discovered in such quantities in Alaska. Entire remains of the elephant and mastodon have also been found, well preserved in ice. European accounts describe a complete carcass, with the flesh and hair in a good state of preservation, of an elephant, which was found melting out of the ice in the North Sea, some years ago, having come down from early geological ages.

BARON HAUSEMANN'S official report of what may be called the rebuilding of Paris, shows that during the year terminating on the 1st of October last 2,325 houses, containing 1,297 separate apartments, were demolished; while during the same period 12,593 houses, containing 23,733 apartments, were erected. The greater portion of the new constructions are in the outlying districts, between the boulevards and the fortifications. The report states that in the entire department of the Seine the number of houses built during the last fifteen years has been 83,944; and the number demolished, 21,641.





THE LADIES' GALLERY IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. JUMP.

#### The Gentlemen's Gallery in the Senate Chamber.

From a minute inspection of the conglomerate mass of humanity that throngs the Gentlemen's Gallery one cannot fail to notice an element altogether lacking in the days of President Buchanan. The American citizen of African descent feels that it is now his duty as well as his privilege to closely follow the record of

the prominent Senators, and see that they do their duty to their colored brethren. Some of them find it hard work to keep the thread of a Senatorial debate, and growing weary of the struggle, surrender to the drowsy god, regardless of appearances or the possible consequences attendant upon the remission of their steady watch. In such dull work they need a daily relieving of the sentry, and we understand they have provided for the necessity

#### The Ladies' Gallery in the Senate Chamber.

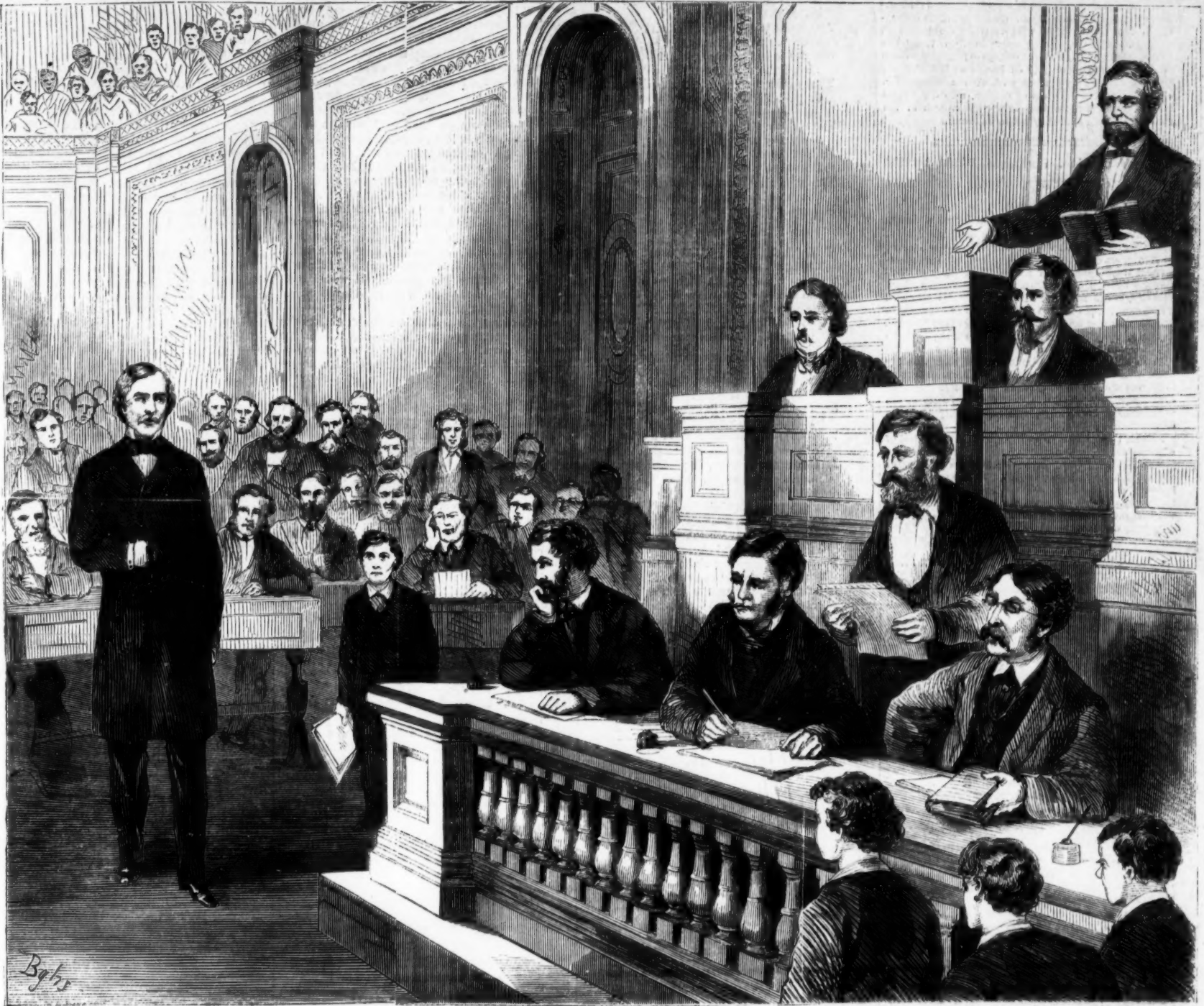
From contemplation of the Gentlemen's section, and find that with the distinction we have a decided difference. The colored person is not to be found here, for as yet the ladies of African descent have not evinced any curiosity as to the method of law-making in the highest legislative body of the United States.

But though the visitors are undoubtedly belonging to the Caucasian race, their tastes, ideas, and business in the Senate chamber are as various as can well be imagined. Here we find the literary lady, who has become near-sighted from constant use of her pen in the "Correspondence from Washington" we see in the newspapers, which treats more of men than of measures, and who is here to-day gathering material for her next letter. The inconsiderate manner in which the young lady

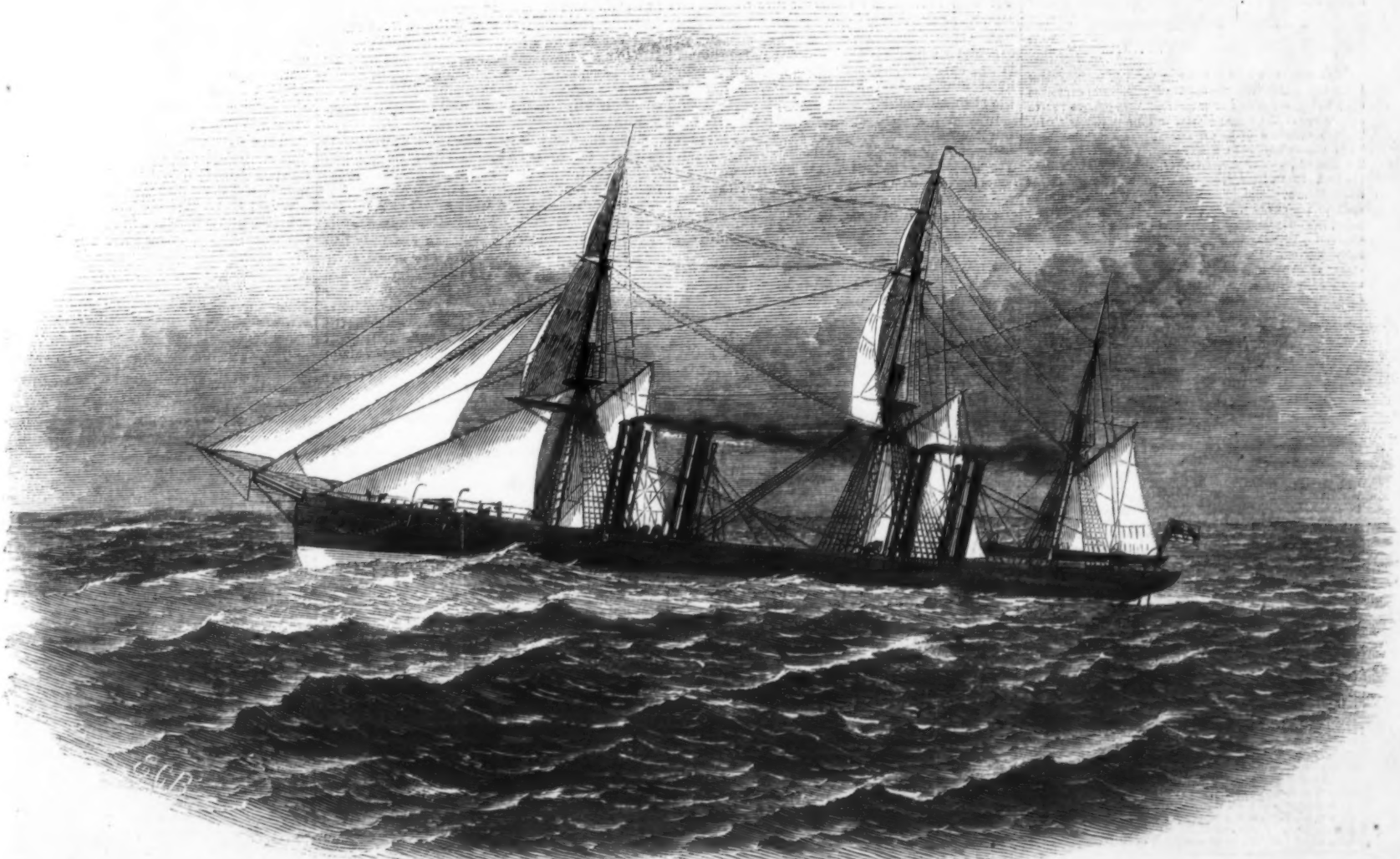


THE GENTLEMEN'S GALLERY IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. JUMP.





THE CENSURE OF FERNANDO WOOD BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., JAN. 15TH.—SEE PAGE 314.



THE NEW U. S. STEAM FRIGATE WAMPANOAG, CAPT. J. W. A. NICHOLSON, COMMANDER.—SEE PAGE 314.



crowds past her has unsettled her usually benignant face; but when the interruption has ceased she will beam once more upon the outer world, taking mental notes the while to print them. On the left of the engraving, in a self-asserting attitude, sits one of the champions of female suffrage, having come here to lobby her mania through Congress, or perhaps only to spy out the land for future operations. Of course we find here the curiosity-seekers looking at part of the Washington elephant, and the devotees of fashion, who come here for the same purpose that they visit church or the theatre, for where are they not to be found?

#### Censure of Hon. Fernando Wood by the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

His reports of Congressional proceedings have made the public familiar with the particulars of the scene represented in our engraving—the censure of Hon. Fernando Wood by the House of Representatives at Washington. We have no disposition to criticize the conduct of the honorable representative from this city, as the action of his peers may be considered a sufficient rebuke for his forgetfulness of parliamentary rules on that occasion. In applying to the National Congress the terms made use of, in stating that the bill in relation to the Supreme Court was “A bill without a title, a child without a name, and probably without a father—a monstrosity, a measure the most infamous of the many infamous acts of this infamous Congress,” Mr. Wood was doubtless led away by the vehemence of his feelings, and his ordinary prudence deserted him.

Indeed, there seems to be at present a great deal of excitement in the Congressional atmosphere, and the people look anxiously toward Washington in feverish anticipation of startling events. It is to be hoped, however, that the wisdom of our legislators will enable the country to pass the crisis without any political convulsion, and that such scenes as we represent in our engraving will be of rare occurrence.

#### U. S. STEAM FRIGATE WAMPANOAG.

THE great maritime powers are now giving extraordinary attention to the subject of naval architecture as applied to offensive and defensive purposes in time of war. The United States, England and France, competitors in that sphere, and contestants for the palm of superiority upon the ocean, are, of course, watching with jealous eyes each other's experiments in the building and equipment of iron-clads. The result of the recent trial trip of the U. S. steam-frigate Wampagoag was so satisfactory and so fully demonstrated the excellence of vessels of that description, that the noble ship is at once established as a model, and will be regarded with interest by foreign governments that depend at all upon the strength and extent of their naval resources. Our engraving of the Wampagoag will, therefore, be attractive, not only to our own people, who may well be proud of possessing that splendid frigate, but to foreign communities who are laboring in the same path of progress.

The trial trip was a perfect success in every respect. The steamer was at sea thirty hours, part of the time making the unprecedented speed of 18 4-10 statute miles. Her average time was 17 3-10 statute miles, or 15 knots per hour, and this while contending with a heavy swell from the southward.

The Wampagoag's battery consists of ten nine-inch and three sixty-pound guns, and four howitzers. Her dimensions are: Length, 360 feet over all; breadth of beam, 45 feet 2 inches; draught of water, 19 feet. She has two geared engines, designed by Chief Engineer B. V. Isherwood; cylinders, 100 inches in diameter, 4 feet stroke of piston; 8 main boilers and 4 super-heaters; 88 furnaces.

Her crew consists of about 500 officers and men.

Captain J. W. A. Nicholson, her commander, is one of the most energetic and efficient officers in our navy, and he has now a ship well worthy of his skill and reputation.

#### POSTERITY.

It is not easy to estimate with accuracy the influence which the thought of posterity exercises over the actions even of those men who profess to live in advance of their own times, and for posterity alone. To the mummy of any old Egyptian king who first built his chamber in a Pyramid, and afterward was buried in it, we are posterity. Much good he gets from the fact. He is, indeed, more successful than one out of a thousand of the people who live for posterity, because his remains have actually been found. Dry and ugly as he is, his body survives, swaddled in swaddling clothes. One can hardly say that his soul, like John Brown's, is marching on. Nobody exactly knows his name, or cares to know it, and the only faint chance he has of ever again attracting attention is that some theologian may discover that he is distantly related to the Pharaoh who would not let the children of Israel go. Such, and such alone, seem to be the advantages in general of living for posterity. Posterity, of course, is a relative term.

It begins with one's grandchildren, and progresses interminably in the direction of distant ages; and men who leave any mark at all behind them are not certainly forgotten at once. There is a little splash on the surface of the pool for a few minutes after they have sunk to the bottom. If they are very fortunate—or, as cynical people would say, very unfortunate—they are perhaps enshrined, not like the mummy, in swaddling clothes, but in a history, or a law report, or a volume of poems, or a religious biography. This gives them the proud privilege of having their private affairs poked into their private correspondence read, and the way they treated their wives or their creditors scrutinized for some little time by persons who devote themselves to the curiosities, or what under a different title might be termed the impertinence, of literature. But, measured against the vast extent of all time, how brief and how fugitive is at best the recollection of what they have done; unless perhaps they have been men of surpassing genius in politics or literature, in which case they may live and be remembered for some centuries. Caesar, Pompey, Homer, Virgil, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and men of that stamp, last the whole length of a civilization or two, and may calculate on being talked of or read during a considerable length of years. The number of such is limited. The mass of heroes, even if the details of their career are embalmed in literature, soon become practically obsolete. We wonder, for example, how many people there are who are even acquainted with Pelopidas by name. Those who have happened to read Plutarch know a little about him. For the majority of men and women he might as well never have been born. And yet there are few patriots and statesmen who can hope to be as worthy of escaping oblivion. If this is all that comes to it, it seems odd that, in spite of experience, we should go on talking as if posterity would repair contemporary injustice, and as if living for posterity were an end, on the whole, more satisfactory than that of living for the applause of one's immediate circle.

#### A SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

Yer once again, before we part,  
Fill high the bowl for me,  
And drink to every human heart  
Where'er the same may be.  
Success to each untiring hand  
That throws the shuttle now,  
That works the mine, that tills the land,  
Or guides the ocean plow.

The rich we also gladly drink,  
Long may their wealth endure,  
And let them learn betimes to think  
Less hardly of the poor.  
That shapeless form they blindly dread—  
That spectre of their thought—  
Is dumbly praying to be led,  
And pining to be taught.

We drink the lover and his love,  
The artist and his art,  
The priest who lifts to God above  
The worldly weighted heart.  
The poet sowing seeds of light,  
The warder on the tower,  
Who watches through the troubled night  
The invading march of power.

We drink each small unconquered band  
That fight for Liberty,  
Soon may the sword in every hand  
Be sheathed in victory.  
The tempered blade has lost its edge  
With smiting nations through,  
And well we can afford to pledge  
The stricken conquered too.

Now yet again fill high the bowl,  
Though not for fame or worth,  
And drink to every wretched soul  
Without one friend on earth.  
Beat on, unjudged by us, lone heart!  
The Judge who sits unseen  
Beholds thee, not as now thou art,  
But as thou mightest have been.

In solemn silence drink the slave  
In whom the hope remains  
To wed with freedom in the grave,  
Or live divorced from chains.  
We drink the oppressed of every clime,  
The chained of every hue;  
Soon may the chafing hand of time  
Wear every fetter through.

The ruddy blaze begins to fall,  
Draw closer round the fire,  
Bring out the choicest wine of all,  
Fill every goblet higher,  
And gently touch, before we part,  
A chord of finer tone,  
And pray that every human heart  
Be happy as our own.

#### "My Murderer's Name Is—"

##### OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

###### CHAPTER XIV.

THREE weeks passed away, during which time Albert Savari became the inseparable companion of Vibert. He rose and went at once to the Hotel des Princes, where he usually breakfasted with the police agent, who grew more and more like the titled man he was personating every day.

In fact Vibert had so thoroughly identified himself with the Count de Rubini, that he himself sometimes forgot that he was playing a part, and was so accustomed to being given a title that to call him simply “sir” was to wound his feelings. It was only when seated in his room alone with his conscience that he admitted himself to be the plebeian Vibert of olden times.

“When I shall have finished with this affair of the Rue de la Paix,” he wrote one day to his protector, the marquis, I must look into my genealogy, and ascertain if in the veins of some of my ancestors some of the old blue blood of the aristocracy has not flowed.”

“Well, admitting such to have been the case, fool, what then?” was the marquis's encouraging reply.

As regards expense, Vibert denied himself nothing; one would have supposed him to have been accustomed to an income of twenty-five thousand francs. He ordered the most sumptuous of breakfasts and the choicest wines whenever Savari was his guest. When he was alone, however, Vibert made his morning meal on a crust of bread and a glass of sour wine. And he equalized matters thus, in many things. If, for instance, Savari passed the evening with him, his drawing-room blazed with light, but the moment that his guest departed, a single taper sufficed him. When he retired to his chamber to write to the marquis, or to the minister of police, he carefully removed his coat and donned the shabby little jacket which had served him in former days.

Savari and Vibert also dined frequently together, and on one occasion Julia Vidal and the latter had endeavored to ply their guest with wine, but he maintained his self-possession and had not as yet committed himself, although every afternoon saw him at Madame Vidal's at three o'clock, and almost every evening was passed with his new friends.

Thus Vibert established a most close and extraordinary surveillance over Savari. Close, because his every look and gesture, his every word and action was known to him; and extraordinary, because instead of seeking his prisoner, the man came to him. Thus, without his moving from his own, or Julia's bedside, he did his work.

And yet, if the conduct of so able a person as Vibert may be questioned, we can but find that there is something, to say the least, peculiar about it. What had been his object in seeking Julia's co-operation? After having clearly estab-

lished the fact that Savari had never been seriously attached to any woman, had he not said: “He must love you. It is the only way to arrive at the truth. He does not know you personally, he could not therefore distrust you. You will become part of his life, his past will be known to you, and sooner or later you will unmask him. You must be the Delila to this modern Samson; you must cut his locks and hand him over to the Philistines.” In this programme the principal rôle was certainly assigned to Julia, and not to himself. And yet it was he who invariably remained and entertained Savari. Had Julia requested his constant presence? Did she fear that she might betray her legitimate repugnance to the murderer of her husband, if suffered to remain alone with the man she suspected? If so, she might have summoned Marietta, her companion and friend, to her side. Besides a woman of her strength of will and determination would surely not have wished to prolong the cruel situation in which she was placed, but would have preferred to have proven Savari innocent or guilty as soon as possible.

It was certainly a blunder, therefore, on the part of Vibert to remain constantly beside the man to whom he should have given an opportunity for knowing Julia intimately, and conversing with her alone, and betraying his secret during some tender tête-à-tête.

But had Savari conceived an attachment for Julia? To reply to this question we must cast a glance upon his past life.

The father of Savari occupied a modest position under government, when, at forty years of age, he committed the folly of falling in love with a pretty shop-girl, called Coralie.

After a courtship of a few months he married her, in opposition to the remonstrances of his employers and friends. The marriage was an unfortunate one, for after two years Coralie eloped with an officer, and her husband's grief in consequence superinduced an illness which put an end to his life. In his last moments he did not utter a reproach against the woman who had so cruelly deserted him, and who was then living in luxury in Paris. He only begged of her to watch over the child which was born during the first year of their marriage, and whom he left without a protector or resources.

To do Coralie justice, she responded at once to the appeal. She sent for the child and had him educated.

But how can such a woman rear a child? When the boy was of an age for reflection he began to compare his position with that of his playfellows. He perceived that when his mother visited his school she was not dressed like other mothers, that the profuse or manifested less respect for her, although his bills were regularly paid. During his vacations, too, he constantly found new faces at his mother's house; men who were prodigal of caresses and presents to him, but whom he rarely saw a second time. And when he inquired of his mother, “Where is Mr. so and so?”—I have not seen him for a long time,” the invariable reply was, “We are no longer friendly: he does not visit here now.”

At last some chance word, some malicious hint, perhaps the pages of a novel, strike a key-note, and he comprehends at once the mystery of his birth and position, and feels that his mother and himself are Pariahs.

Sometimes a sad discovery of this kind brings about good results.

The boy reflects that his mother has reared him, educated him well, has loved and cared for him, has given him everything but worldly consideration and position, and that these he can acquire by labor and integrity, not only for himself but also to such an extent that they may brighten his her old age, and almost redeem her youth.

He was but a child when he made the fatal discovery, but he finds himself now as if by enchantment a man.

Cases such as this are, of course, exceptional; generally bad example brings forth corresponding fruits, and the life of the erring mother is but too frequently reproduced in that of the child.

This is what occurred with Albert Savari. He had just attained his twenty-third year when Coralie died suddenly, leaving an elegantly furnished house, two carriages, three horses, some jewels, twenty-eight dresses, five India cashmere shawls, and fifty-two francs in money. After these were sold, and the claims of the creditors were satisfied, Albert Savari found himself the possessor of thirty thousand francs. It is needless to say that this sum was soon expended, and that he gambled with cards and “on Change,” and resorted to many means not delicate, even if honorable, to maintain the style of living to which his indiscreet and thoughtless mother had accustomed him.

A man so handsome and brilliant as Savari, of course, had been greatly admired among women, even of high position; but while he had profited by this, he had not experienced more than a passing fancy for any one, and had never returned the affection lavished upon him.

Vibert was right, however, in his estimate of the man, when he concluded that the time was near at hand when he would weary of his life, so hollow and full of excitement, and that he would feel and crave a true love—an earnest passion. And who so capable of inspiring this as Julia Vidal? so brilliant in her beauty and so sparkling in her wit.

And Savari had already begun to feel the influence of her charms and fascinations; and although he hardly admitted it to himself, he sought rather than avoided her presence. Perhaps he felt that his tenderness and devotion for this high-minded, noble woman would purify his soul, and bring happiness and peace to his troubled existence. Be this as it may, at the expiration of another month he was, as Vibert had anticipated, madly in love with Julia, and had but one desire—to be alone with her, and to relieve himself of the importunate presence of the police-agent.

#### CHAPTER XV.

EVERY day, however, Vibert seemed disposed to be more rigid in his surveillance, and the greater the efforts made by Savari to get rid of him, the more persistent was he in remaining in his usual place in Madame Vidal's drawing-room. What was his motive for acting thus? Did he really enjoy the character of relative and protector? A suspicious husband and a jealous lover, who had the deepest interest in remaining beside the woman to whom he is attached, does not, nevertheless, continue always in her presence; yet, although good sense and interest in the cause to which he had devoted himself commanded him to remain absent, he nevertheless persisted in being present at every interview between Julia and Savari. Was he, too, under the influence of the beautiful widow, and at her side did he forget that he was simply a police-agent detailed to obtain evidence of the guilt or innocence of a man suspected of crime?

One day Savari resolved to see Julia alone; to this end he made the usual morning appointment with Vibert, but instead of going to meet him at the Hotel des Princes, he went directly to Julia's house. When Marietta announced that he had called alone, Julia knew that her hour of trial was at hand. Yet she felt that it was time to put an end to her present position, which was becoming intolerable, and she realized also that Vibert, instead of serving, was now retarding the progress of affairs.

When she joined Savari in the parlor, she was, as usual, dressed in mourning. According to the Italian fashion, a lace veil was fastened on the back of her head with pins of jet, and covered a portion of her hair and fell upon her shoulders. This toilet gave her a truly regal air, and Savari was mute with admiration. He had never known timidity before, particularly where women were concerned, but in Julia's presence his heart beat audibly, and his eloquence was gone.

She felt the silence to be embarrassing, and inquired:

“What have you done with the count?”

“I expected to have found him here,” replied Savari.

“Why, I thought, on the contrary, that you made an appointment with him at his hotel?”

“I did so; but, being late, hastened here, thinking he would most likely have joined you. But do I disturb you, madame?”

“Not in the least,” she said, in an indifferent tone.

“I am most happy, madame, that I have thus an opportunity of speaking with you alone.”

“Have you anything in particular to tell me?”

“Oh, yes; I have much to say to you,” cried Savari.

“I am all attention, sir.”

“Sir! sir! Why do you always call me sir?” he asked, sadly.

“Is it not proper to do so?” she inquired, feigning not to understand his meaning. “I am not familiar with all the delicate shades of your language; so pray correct me whenever I make mistakes.”

“There is nothing to correct, madame; the expression is perfectly proper.” Then, rising suddenly, he exclaimed, “Ah, pardon me, madame, I am nervous and agitated—pardon me.”

“I pardon you,” she said, smiling. “But what is the reason of your agitation?”

He hastened to Julia's side, and seated himself near her.

“You do not understand then?”

“Understand what?” she asked.

“Why, that one cannot be near you with impunity for two months as I have been—that it is impossible for a man to see you constantly, to hear you speak, to breathe the same air, without—”

But he stopped suddenly as his eyes rested upon Julia. A smile was on her face, but such a smile! Her brows were knitted, her cheeks blanched, and her whole air was freezing. She had over-estimated her own courage; she was revolted at the first declaration, the first words of love which escaped Savari's lips, and all the delicacy of the woman and the widow was aroused.

What! had some one dared to talk of love to her—to her, whose husband was but just dead! And the man who approached her with words of tenderness was he whom she suspected of murder! Ah, she little dreamed how terrible would be her trials!

They were both silent; he was terrified, she crushed and humiliated.

Little by little, however, Julia's brow cleared, and pressing her hand to her forehead, as if to exorcise some sad, unbidden thought, she formed a sudden resolution, and turning her face to Savari, said, inquiringly:

“Then you love me?”

He was not prepared for this change of manner, for from Julia's expression, he had expected an order to change the conversation or to quit her presence. When, however, he had recovered from his astonishment, he seized the opportunity given him of speaking of the love which welled up from his heart to his lips. Seizing Julia's hands, he suddenly drew her closely to his side, and held her there so tenderly and so firmly, that she could not escape him. Then, looking full into her eyes, he cried:

“Yes, I do love you! I love you as I have never loved before, as I thought myself incapable of loving. You are the first, the only attachment of my life. If you could but know how happy I am in your presence, and how wretched when separated from you! When I first saw you, you impressed me as the most beautiful woman whom I had ever met, and since then I have found in you not alone beauty, glorious, overpowering beauty, but every charm of mind and heart—every grace of manner. I felt that I could love you from the first, and tried to avoid you, but heaven has willed it otherwise, and I have rushed madly on to my fate.”

The pressure of Savari's arm, his passionate words, confirmed by eyes full of melting tender-



ness, were too much for Julia. She tore herself away from him, rose, staggered to the mantel and leaned against it.

"Did I ever encourage your love?" she murmured.

"Never by a word or a look; but your very coldness was your charm, and well you knew it. Your silence, and your frigid manner, were full of coquetry and provocation. I enjoyed the struggle. I gloated over the thought of winning you in spite of yourself."

Savari was no longer the self-sustained, reserved man he appeared in the office of M. Goubert. The blood had mounted to his face, and his eyes were as eloquent as his lips, and the expression of animation in his countenance lent him a thousand charms. For the first time in his life he enjoyed the highest happiness vouchsafed to mortals. Passion had metamorphosed him, it had transformed a man who was cold, self-possessed, adroit, and calculating, into a being ardent, frank, young, and strong.

He was about to continue, and open his whole heart to the woman he adored, when Vibert was announced.

One glance enabled the police agent to embrace the scene, and comprehend the situation. He contracted his brow, and a deadly pallor overspread his face, but he advanced to Julia with a smile upon his lips, and inquired after her health. Then, turning to Savari, he said, good-humoredly:

"So you were here while I was waiting for you at the hotel?"

Savari repeated what he had said to Julia, and Vibert appeared satisfied with the explanation, and turned the conversation upon indifferent topics. Savari, however, was still under the influence of the thoughts and feelings to which he had just given expression, and felt himself unequal to the task of sustaining a commonplace conversation. So he rose, pleaded a pressing engagement, and was taking his leave, when Vibert reminded him of his promise to dine with them at the Café Anglais at seven o'clock.

Savari glanced at Julia; she was still leaning against the mantel, her head resting upon her hands, lost in thought. She appeared so beautiful then that he had not the courage to refuse to meet her in the evening, so he promised Vibert to be at the place appointed for dinner.

## CHAPTER XV.

AFTER his departure, Julia remained motionless and silent, and Vibert watched her attentively. He seemed to be endeavoring to divine her very thoughts, to look into her heart, and the result of his study appeared to cause him suffering—a suffering too intense for longer inaction—for he rose suddenly, passed his hand before his eyes, and advanced to Julia's side.

"Well?" said he sharply.

She started, looked up, and said:

"Pardon me, sir, I did not know that you were here."

"So I suppose," replied Vibert, with a bitterness which he could not conceal. I am nothing to you, now that you no longer need my services, having taken matters into your own hands?"

He stopped, and continued more gently:

"Has there been any result from your long interview?"

"No," said she.

"You have made no progress?"

"No."

"Then all remains to be done over again?"

"No," she again made answer.

Astonished by this last reply, he looked inquiringly at her. Suddenly she left the mantel, and advancing to where Vibert stood, said:

"Do you know that our conduct is infamous?"

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because he really loves me, and suffers in consequence."

"Really!" cried the police agent, scarcely less moved than Julia; "he loves you and has just told you so?"

"Yes."

"And you believe him?"

"I believe him."

He folded his arms over his breast, and standing within a step of her, his eyes glaring in her face, he said, in a harsh tone:

"Well, why should this trouble you?"

"I have no right to make him suffer thus."

He fixed his eyes steadily upon her, and said severely:

"So you think you have no right to cause suffering to the murderer of your husband?"

"But supposing that he did not commit the crime?"

"Ah! you doubt the fact, now?"

"Yes, I doubt it," she said, casting down her eyes, as if ashamed of her weakness. When he is not here, when I am alone with my thoughts, I believe him guilty, and I long to revenge myself upon him; but when he is beside me, I cannot bring myself to believe him criminal."

Pale, and with lips tightly compressed, Vibert heard her out without an interruption, and then he made answer:

"We must settle this question. Things cannot continue thus."

"No," she repeated after him, "things cannot continue thus."

"He must once for all give us the proof of his innocence," said Vibert, "and then my task will be accomplished, I shall return to my occupation. I shall have nothing further to do here."

He spoke sharply, almost angrily, but Julia was too much moved to remark this peculiarity of manner, which nothing appeared to justify.

"If, on the contrary," he continued, "Savari be guilty, as I believe, nay more, am sure he is, the confession must be wrung from him, and he be disposed of."

These last words, "he must be disposed of," were pronounced in a singular tone, but doubtless they were murmured rather than spoken, for

Madame Vidal replied only to the first part of the sentence.

"It is not enough," she urged, "to say a confession must be wrung from him. What means have we to make him admit guilt?"

"I have the means," said Vibert, as he drew from his pocket a long narrow object wrapped in paper.

And as she looked at it with a glance of surprise, he asked, almost brutally:

"Do you know, madame, the weapon with which your husband was murdered?"

She grew pale as she replied:

"With a knife or a poniard."

"With a poniard knife—with a knife with which you are familiar, since it belonged to M. Vidal, and which was taken possession of by the officers of justice."

"And this knife?" she inquired, growing still whiter, as she cast her eyes upon the object which Vibert held.

"It was placed in my possession at my request. It is here."

She drew back and said:

"What are you about to do with it?"

"I shall place it in Savari's hands, and perhaps at sight of it he will betray himself. You doubtless do not care to witness the experiment?"

"On the contrary, I particularly desire to do so," she replied energetically; "it is my duty."

"I intend making the experiment this evening."

"This evening be it. But," she continued, "how will you explain this knife being in your possession? To show it to him will be to betray yourself—to betray us both."

"No; I have thought of that, and have arranged my story. Besides," cried Vibert, sharply, "what matter if he should know now who you are—who we are? Have you not decided that you can no longer sustain your present rôle. Have I not determined also that this test shall be last? Should he come out of it victorious, if his innocence is clearly demonstrated, shall you continue to receive him? Shall you retain him as a friend?"

"Certainly not."

"If, on the other hand, he commits himself, what matter then if he discovers your identity? Ah! I promise you, he shall have his deserts."

Nothing can convey the emphasis with which the police agent pronounced these words. There was such a depth of anger, hatred, and suffering concentrated in his tone. Julia was startled, and for the first time it occurred to her to scrutinize Vibert.

## The New Jersey State Reform School.

AMONG the ordinances passed by the Legislature of New Jersey, in 1865, was one incorporating a number of prominent citizens of that State as a board of trustees, and authorizing them to purchase grounds and erect buildings suitable for a State Reform School. An appropriation of \$75,000 was made for the purpose. After holding frequent consultations together, and with extensive landholders, the trustees entered into negotiations with a gentleman owning considerable property in Jamesburg, Middlesex County, N. J., by which a tract of land situated about three miles from the Jamesburg depot, and containing nearly 500 acres of productive soil, was purchased for \$30,000. An elegant three-story and basement brick building was subsequently erected at a cost of \$24,000. On the 29th of June last the institution was declared ready for occupation, and on the 29th of October following was formally dedicated.

The edifice is thirty-seven by sixty-five feet in dimensions, with a square tower in front containing the stairway leading to the dormitory, and an observatory from which an extensive view of the surrounding country may be enjoyed. In the basement are located the kitchen, dining, washing, and furnace rooms. Upon the first floor are the offices, a handsome reception-room, the family dining-room, and the boys' school-room. The second story is furnished with accommodations for the family and visitors, and on the third floor are the dormitory, the boys' clothes-room, the nursery, and the nurses' apartments. The building is heated throughout with hot air, and is supplied with water pumped by a hydraulic ram from a neighboring spring. Each room has a thorough ventilation, and a wholesome amount of sunshine is admitted to almost every apartment. The location of the institution is admirable, and the scenery for miles round is uncontracted, and picturesque in the extreme.

Such is a brief description of this school, in which the little rogues of New Jersey eat, sleep, and receive their reformatory discipline. The trustees have in contemplation the erection of four additional buildings, each capable of accommodating fifty boys, together with an instructor and his family, and the open family system will then be practiced in all its details.

Inquisitive visitors need not grope in out-of-the-way corners, or pry through crevices and key-holes, for the palpable instruments of reform, for they will find none. There are no clanking chains to prevent the free exercise of limb and muscle, nor are lacerating lashes suspended upon the wall as terrors to the fractious, and to reform him who has perpetrated a fresh crime. No high piles of masonry surround the school, separating the inmates from the pleasing scenes of nature's change, and casting sombre shadows upon everything within. No stocks or shackles are laid away in secret closets to be brought out and applied to the little wrists and ankles, and bruise the tender flesh by their tenacious grasp. No steam boxes or dark rooms are held in readiness to imprison rebellious ones, and allow them an uninterrupted meditation upon their past offenses; neither are there any indications of rigid discipline, or a course of instruction that would be deemed necessary to prepare for the reception of our fullest confidence the rag-muffins and embryo pickpockets of our populous cities. And yet the inmates are progressing through the several stations of reclamation in a quiet, and, so far, successful manner. Their conduct is orderly and respectful. In carrying out their designated duties, they move about the premises as members of a well-governed family.

For a crime perpetrated by a boy that would formerly have consigned him to prison, a commitment is signed by a judge of the Supreme Court, and the youth is delivered into the custody of the county sheriff. He is then a condemned criminal, and, though he is young, the world is ready to believe him as guilty and as deserving of punishment as the most confirmed rascal. He has defied the law of the State, and must suffer the

consequence of his guilt. Whatever associations may have developed his malicious propensities are entirely discarded, the sheriff handcuffs the prisoner, and starts him off to the Reform School, scarce regarding the act a charity that separates the boy from the presence of experienced "crackmen." During the journey the culprit's mind becomes partially reconciled to the reception he is sure he will meet. He sees before him high stone walls with sharp iron pickets on top, grated windows, small and beyond his reach, cold water diet, solitary confinement, and all the et-ceteras of prison discipline. If ever he possessed any of the noble sensibilities of youth, the thoughts of his irrevocable sentence blunt them for wholesome exercise, and he is almost ready to believe himself the public nuisance many have pronounced him.

Arriving at the institution, he is received by the superintendent, Reverend L. H. Sheldon, in a cordial and gentlemanly manner, pleasant words are spoken to him, his handcuffs are removed, and he is informed that he may run about the premises, or assist the other boys in their appointed tasks. The lad hesitates; his countenance reflects a profound surprise, and a positive incredulity; the shock of finding himself relieved of the depressing odium attached to young reprobates is intense, and he actually trembles lest some foul snare is being spread for him. Assured of the speaker's sincerity, and encouraged by the cheerful, benevolent appearance of his new home, he hies to the neighboring fields where his future companions appear to be disporting themselves at will, and is received with cheers and other expressions of friendship. A native pride, long pent up by pernicious habits, strives to rise above his vicious spirit, and, as he has received attentions accorded to young gentlemen, he feels placed upon his honor to maintain the fairest reputation possible.

In order that our readers may form some idea of the way the boys are "reformed," we will hastily follow them through the duties of a single day.

During the winter months they rise at about half-past six o'clock, and, after completing their toilet, repair to the large school-room, arranged in a line according to height. Here they are left to enjoy themselves with exercises of their own selection, providing they do not partake of a boisterous nature. No scowling Squeers strides up and down the room, poising his forefinger on a single finger, and watching an opportunity to shy it at the head of some impatient scholar, nor is any monitor appointed to pass judgment upon the conduct of each of his companions. By the absence of visible restraining influences in the school, and a pretty thorough application of kindness at other seasons, they are taught to respect the confidence reposed in them by their teachers, and, when the signal is given from below, they form in line and march quietly down to the dining-room, where each one takes his place, and awaits the offering of morning thanks. While in this room no communication between the boys is permitted except when more food is desired.

After breakfast the boys are instructed in their duties for the day; a portion remain in the kitchen to wash the dishes, clean the knives and forks, and attend to like chores; a squad is sent to the dormitory to sweep, make up beds, and put the room in general order, and those not otherwise engaged are detailed for service in the fields, where they prepare the fuel for the house, husk corn, weed the garden, and do whatever the gardener commands. In all these duties they are left to themselves, unless, in special service, some supervision is necessary. These exercises usually occupy the entire morning, and at noon a bell is rung, the boys return to headquarters, doff their working clothes, and attire themselves in their neat uniform suits for dinner.

After dinner and a lively game of base-ball, or some other exhilarating sport, they assemble in the school-room to attend to their intellectual improvement, and the course of instruction here pursued is similar to that of our grammar schools. School closes at four o'clock, and the scholars are free until supper time.

In the evening they meet again in the school-room with their teachers, when an exceedingly interesting and jovial ceremony takes place—report—a upon deportment during the day being made by each boy. These reports are generally given in good faith, and, in most cases, where a lad has received demerit marks he will frankly acknowledge the fact. He is then allowed the privilege of negotiating with his teacher for their exchange, and a lively time ensues, as each party in the transaction argues the merits of his own case, until the matter is finally compromised and a satisfactory bargain effected. This usually consists of a promise on the part of the offender for greater vigilance in the future, a song or a declamation before the school. Though this "speculation" is attended by a vast amount of merriment, it is conducted in a judicious manner, and the appearance of impoliteness or any profanity is promptly noticed. At the conclusion of this scene, there is an exercise in vocal music, after which the boys march to the dormitory and prepare themselves for sleep. Each boy may secure twenty-five merit marks in a single day, but that number is rarely obtained. An act of disobedience, a willful falsehood, or an oath, costs the boy no transgressing a certain number of demerit marks, which may be increased but never diminished until the evening exchange. As soon as the total number of merit marks of all the scholars amounts to 4,000, a grand holiday is given, and the event, which generally occurs once every month, is commemorated by a jolly, rollicking ride through the country in open wagons, and a rousing evening dinner.

A pleasing incident is furnished as an evidence of the salutary influence that is exerted over the boys by the open family scheme, in the case of a little negro boy, named Dick, who had given frequent exhibitions of his thieving propensities: A lad was sent to the school by his guardian, who was unable to manage him, and was furnished with a small amount of money. On a certain morning he discovered that his money had been stolen during the night previous, and straightway reported the fact to the superintendent. Nothing was said about the matter until evening, when the boys were assembled to render their daily reports. Mr. Sheldon stated that a certain young gentleman had misused some money, and knew not where it was. For his part, the superintendent did not think any of the young gentlemen present would be guilty of such a dishonorable act, and hoped that if any of them should find the money, they would promptly return it to him, that he might restore it to its owner. The following morning, after the boys had been dispatched about their duties, little Dick approached Mr. Sheldon, and taking him by the hand, led him to the wood-shed, where from beneath a barrel he drew out the purse containing the money. No names were mentioned before the school in connection with the affair, but the circumstance gave great encouragement to the teachers, who saw therein a happy result of their kind discipline.

When a lad enters the institution he is placed in what is called the grade of Eight, and with a proper degree of order and attention he may be promoted one grade

each month. At the ninth month he enters into the "Trust" grade, when he may enjoy greater freedom and privileges about the house, being esteemed strictly trustworthy. It is from this grade that boys are chosen for the highest honor, and greatest responsibility known at the school, which is carrying the United States mail to and from the post-office, a distance of several miles.

After remaining two months in this position, the lad is advanced to the grade of "Honor," in which he must continue two months longer, at the expiration of which he has permission to leave the institution for ever. During his progression from one grade to another, through some dereliction of duty, he may be set back to a grade from which it will take several months to recover his lost position. If, after he has left the school, he relapses into his former habits of vice or dissipation, the superintendent is invested with authority to cause his apprehension and detain him during his minority, or until he has again passed through the several grades.

Such is the method of reform pursued at this model school—simple, persuasive, affectionate and thoroughly systematic in every particular. Reverend Luther H. Sheldon is Superintendent of the school, and is assisted by his wife, Mrs. Sarah H. Sheldon, who acts as Matron, his daughter, Miss Sarah J. Sheldon, who conducts the singing exercises, and Cephas W. Ainsworth.

All these are persons of large experience in the routine of Reform School matters, which, combined with a native tact, has fitted them in an eminent degree for the work in which they are engaged. Through their patience, industry and uniform kindness, a wonderful amount of good has been and is now being accomplished; and we think that few persons who will spend a day with the family will fail to be favorably impressed with the management, or to be convinced of the vast utility of Reform Schools.

There are at present about thirty subjects of reform at the school, but a large influx is daily expected from the several courts now in session, and extensive arrangements have been made, by which over three hundred boys can be placed under the influence of this invaluable institution.

## CORILLAS.

THERE is a prospect of a real living gorilla getting into civilized lands. None have yet reached Europe or America, and we only know their living characters from travelers' tales that are strenuously disputed. Mr. Walker, resident in Fernand Vaz, has written a letter to Dr. Gray, of the London Zoological Society, stating that he has a "baby" gorilla that promises to survive separation from his mamma. He says:

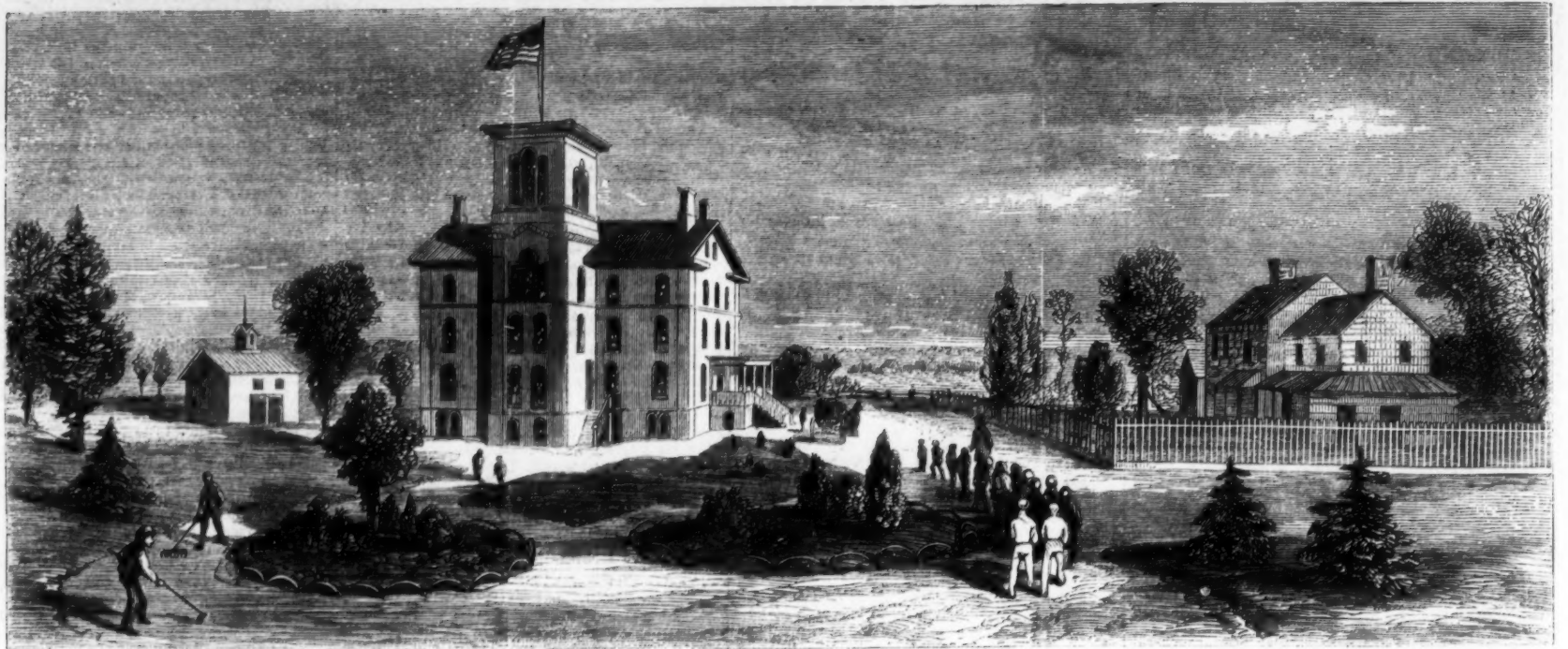
"It may interest you, as well as the society, to know that I have a fine, healthy, young male gorilla, which, I hope, may eventually reach the Zoological Gardens. I have heard of a young chimpanzee at some distance, and have to-day sent to endeavor to procure it as a companion for my little Njina. I shall do my utmost to send the pair safely to England; but as the winter will be coming on before I can ship them, I may have to keep them until next spring, and it will be a hard matter to keep them alive all that time. The gorilla was captured on the 13th inst., and brought to me the next day by its captor, one of the natives trading for me, who, whilst taking a walk, unnamed, except with a spear, suddenly came on a family of gorillas—father, mother, and young one. The mother, contrary to what might have been expected, abandoned her 'baby,' and ran off; the father showed fight, rushing at the native open-mouthed, and receiving a stab in the side from a spear, which caused him to retreat a little; when my man, not waiting to receive a second attack, snatched up the young one, and made for his home as fast as possible, and the next day brought the little fellow to me, made fast with a forked stick about his neck, as if he was a most ferocious animal. I soon made him more comfortable, by placing a belt round him, to which I attached a small cord; and though somewhat snappish for a day or two, and very shy, he soon became quite familiar and tame, and now his greatest delight is to be in my arms, where he would stop altogether if I would let him, and had nothing to do but to nurse him. He is, I should think, between one and two years old, hearty, vigorous and healthy, with a tremendous appetite, and contrives to get through several pounds of berries a day, besides nearly a pint of goat's milk, with which I mix up two raw eggs, to prevent diarrhea, to which these animals are very subject, and which has occasioned the death of the four others which I have had at different times; but I think this one stands a better chance of living than any of the previous ones—at any rate, there seems little fear of his dying of starvation."

"I have always been puzzled by M. Du Chailin's account of the unconquerable savagery of young gorillas, which is so diametrically opposed to my own experience of them. I certainly never saw any of those in his possession whose unmanageableness he mentions, but he saw one perfectly tame at my factory in, I think, 1860; and of the five I have had, only one, and that about four years old, was at all savage; others soon became tame, familiar, and playful, and the present subject is no exception to the rule, having made great progress in a very short time, and being certainly quite as devoid of spitefulness as a chimpanzee of the same age and only so short a time from the 'bush' would be. The grief of the little fellow when first caught was quite touching to witness; he could scarcely bear to be looked at, and, if at all annoyed by the presence of many people round him, would lie on the ground, with his face buried in his hands, and away his head from side to side, as if in an agony of sorrow at losing his parents; and even now, when left alone for any length of time, he has relapses of the same kind, and appears to be in great tribulation."

In the year 1847, a family named Pringle, consisting of husband, wife, two sons and four daughters, became converts to Mormonism, and started from their old home in Oneida county, N. Y., for Salt Lake City. The family started in the primitive manner peculiar to emigrants in those days—provided with a couple of large covered wagons, well stocked with provisions and other necessities, as well as with firearms and ammunition. While on their journey they were attacked by Indians, whom they bested off, with the loss of one of the sons, ten years old, as prisoner to the red-skins, who taught him all their games, hunts, wars and modes of life; but all the while he longed for the companionship of white men, and finally escaped just before our late civil war, arriving at New Orleans, and becoming one of the most skillful scouts in Beauregard's command. The Pringle family, meanwhile, had been living at Salt Lake City, pursuing the desert life, John, as dead; and the other sons, William, had become one of the pillars of the Mormon Church. Late, William Pringle arrived in Cleveland, on his way to England as a missionary in the cause of Mormonism. John Pringle likewise arrived in Cleveland the same day, having decided to come North to visit his early home in Oneida county, New York. On going into a saloon, William Pringle met a small social party, John Pringle among the rest, who were sitting around the stove. William invited the men to drink. Strange to say, they did. One drank to another, and the drinking led to song and story. John told the story of his capture by the Indians, and his strange subsequent life; or at least he commenced to tell it, but was interrupted by William, who recognizing in the story-teller his long lost brother, threw his arms about him and fairly sobbed for joy. Instead of going to England, the Mormon took his brother straight to Utah, to gladden the eyes of their parents, who had wept his loss for so long a time.



The New Jersey State Reform School, at Jamesburg, Middlesex County, N. J.—FROM SKETCHES BY BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 315.



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE REFORM SCHOOL.



THE ARRIVAL.



MR. L. H. SHELDON, MISS SARAH SHELDON, AND C. W. AINSWORTH.



'GO TO THE FIELD.'



THE ONLY PUNISHMENT.



TAKING OFF SHACKLES.



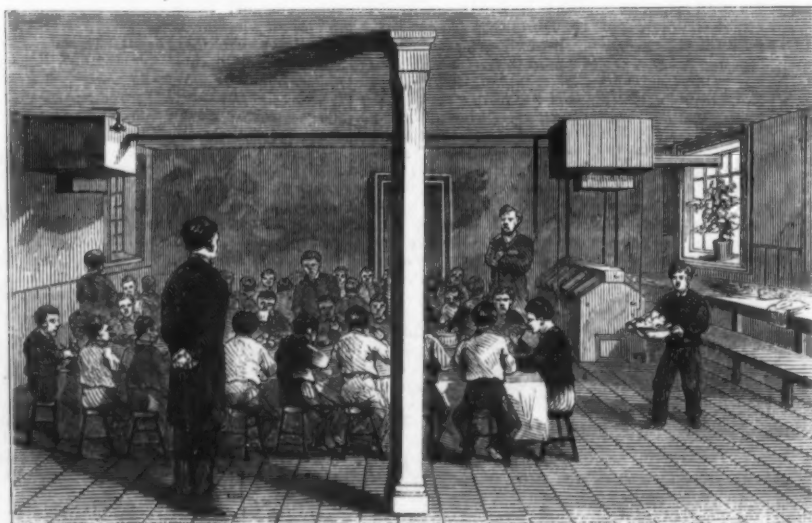
THE WARDROBE.



WASHROOM—BOYS WORKING.



THE KITCHEN.



THE DINING HALL.



WASHROOM—BOYS PLAYING.



The New Jersey State Reform School, at Jamesburg, Middlesex County, N. J.—FROM SKETCHES BY BERGHAUS.



THE SCHOOL ROOM.



THE HOSPITAL.



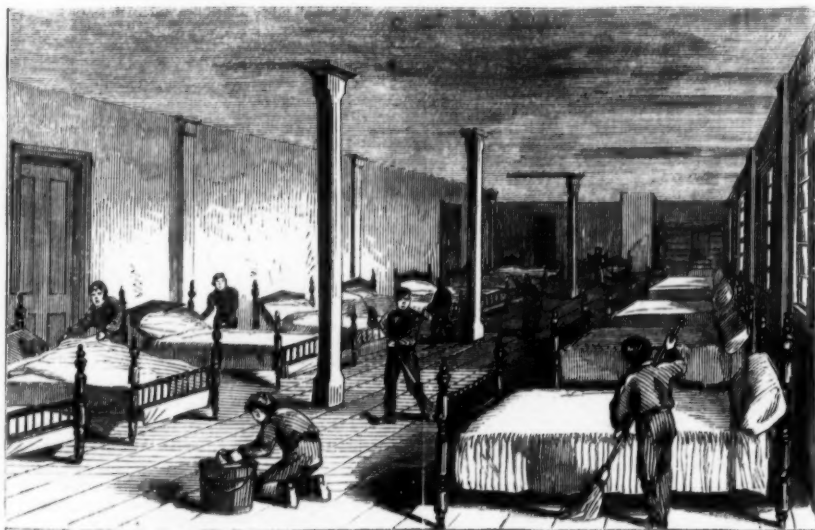
BARGAINING FOR CREDITS.



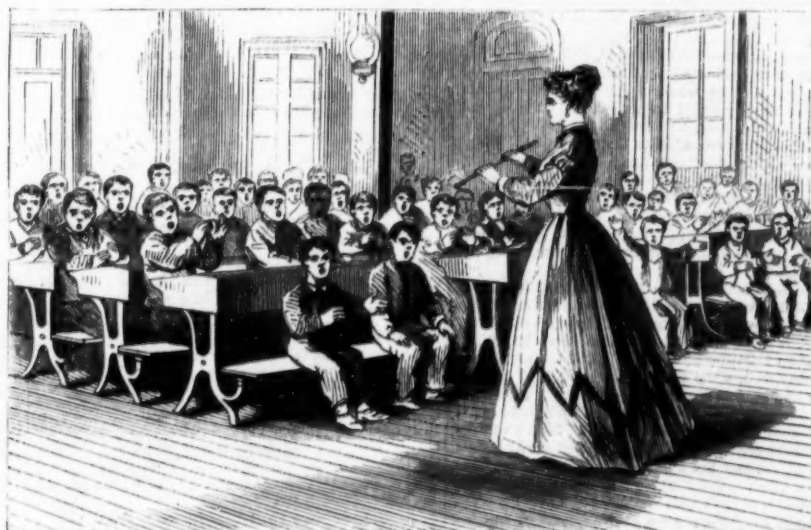
LITTLE DICK.



CARRYING THE MAIL.



THE DORMITORY.



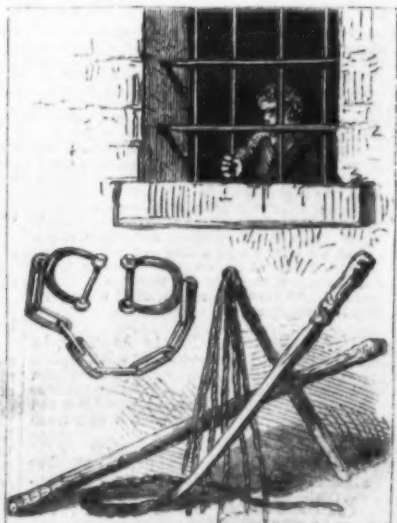
THE SINGING LESSON.



THE OLD GRAVEYARD DISCOVERED BY THE BOYS.



EXCURSION TO FREEHOLD.



THINGS NOT FOUND THERE.



## MADEY.

THERE was once a merchant who, returning home from a long journey, had to pass through a wood. It was thick and shady, and he went astray, and the night came down on him while he was wading through a marshy spot. He got into despair, and began to cry, when the Evil One stood before him in man's shape.

"Have courage," said he, "I will take you out of this marsh, and put you on the way home; but in return you must give me whatever you have in the house without knowing it."

The merchant thought a little, and was very glad of the offer. He did not know that during his absence a fine young child had been born to him. So he was soon out on the highroad to home; but before parting, the devil got his promise on a piece of parchment, and then he vanished.

Very happy was the merchant to embrace his little wife after his long absence, but oh! how sorrowful was his heart when he got a sight of his little son, and recollected to whom he was promised. He often cried and lamented unknown to wife and child, but years went by, and the infant had become a thriving boy.

He was quiet and fond of learning, and at five years old he could read and write, and this made the father so dismal to think of giving up such a fine boy to the Evil One.

When he was seven years old he took notice of his father's sorrow and tears, and he urged him so much to tell him the reason, that at last he related it all.

"Don't grieve, father, dear," said he, "God will help us. I will travel to hell and bring your handwriting away."

The mother cried, and the father cried at the thought of the boy taking such a long and dangerous journey, but it gave him no trouble. He packed up a few necessities, and quietly quitted the house.

He traveled and traveled till he came to a tangled, frightful-looking wood. In a dark cavern of that wood lived the terrible robber, Madey.

This wretch had killed his own father, and now his mother lived with him, and cooked for him. He spared no one's life; whoever fell into his hands was killed.

The old woman, his mother, sometimes hid people who had gone astray in the cave, but he had such a keen smell that he soon found them out.

It happened that the boy was overtaken by a storm near the cave, and sought shelter within. The old woman pitied him, and hid him in an out-of-the-way corner. Scarcely had Madey entered when he smelled him out, and was going to dispatch him with his club, but first he asked him where he was going. When he heard he was bound for hell, he granted his life on condition that he would bring him back word about the punishment he himself would have to suffer after death.

At daybreak he left the cavern. When he came to the door of hell, he fastened some pious pictures on it with holy water, and it immediately flew open. Lucifer came out to him, and asked him his business very crossly.

"I want the writing which my father gave you concerning the grant of my soul."

As the king of hell wished to have done with him as soon as possible, he ordered it to be brought, but the lame Twardowski (the Polish Faust), held it fast, for a drop of the holy water had burnt his hand, and so for spite he would not give up the parchment.

Lucifer cried out in a passion, "Take him to Madey's bed," and so Twardowski gave it up at once for fear of the frightful punishment of that couch of torture.

The curious boy was desirous to see it, and it was pointed out to him. It was made of iron bars stuck full of sharp knives, needles and pins. A never extinguished fire was burning under it, and blazing melted sulphur ever dripping down on it.

So the boy quitted hell, and walked one day, and another day, and the third day he came to Madey's cave, where the robber was anxiously waiting his arrival.

The boy told him what he had seen in hell, and he was so terrified that at once he resolved to give up his evil ways and do penance.

They went together into the wood, and there Madey stuck his murder-club upright into the ground, and knelt, and said he would remain there doing penance until the boy would be consecrated a bishop and come and absolve him.

It was full thirty years before that happened.

He was riding one day through a thick dark wood, which his eyes could not pierce. He got a sweet smell of apples, and desired his servants to go and bring him some. They went, but soon came back and told him there was indeed a beautiful apple tree near, but they could not pluck off any fruit, and there was a gray old man kneeling just beside it.

The bishop went over to the place, and there was Madey still kneeling. His hair was white as snow; his beard hung down to the ground. He besought the bishop to hear his confession and give him absolution. The bishop immediately complied, and the attendants were astonished, while the confession was going on, to see the apples, one after another, changing into white doves and fly up to heaven. One apple still held on, it was the soul of his murdered father. Madey was delaying about confessing the frightful crime. At last he took courage, and the apple changed into a gray dove and flew away.

When all was confessed, and he had made his act of contrition, the bishop gave him absolution, and the moment after, his body became fine dust and covered all the ground where he had been kneeling.

An American artist in Italy, who meditates a monument to be inaugurated on the centenary of our Independence—a monument which shall be as much in advance of all other monuments as our late civil war exceeded the dimensions of any other civil war on record. The memorial is to be raised on a grand marble basis of octagonal shape, with ornamental and storied arches, and to consist, in chief, of a colossal figure of America, standing something over 200 feet high. The idea resembles that which brought forth the great bronze statue at Munich. The proposed site for our memorial is the Central Park, and it is suggested that it should be commenced in 1876, and inaugurated in 1883. It is a mighty conception, no doubt—especially in the contemplated height, which was to have been such a notable feature in the Washington monument at the capital. But we have an idea that our great monuments should stand more on the common level, and that a Museum of the Arts and Sciences would be a happier and more beautiful memorial of a people's prosperous independence.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) County Assessor, in his statistical report to the Secretary of State, reports 2,799 orange trees in bearing condition, yielding from 1,000 to 2,000 each annually. These trees do not bear until their eighth year, when they average 1,000, and increase yearly thereafter, until sometimes they reach a yield of 4,000.

DURING the month of December, twenty-five steamers and fifteen sailing vessels landed 10,279 immigrants at Castle Garden. Of the steamers seventeen are owned in Great Britain, four in Bremen, two in Hamburg, and two in this country.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN who takes common sense views of things, being recently asked his opinion of a poetic individual, replied:

"Oh, he's one of those men who have scourgings after the infinite and things after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

Why is wet weather more pleasant than dry? Because it is in-door-able.

LAZINESS grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied:

"I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

"Bus driver (to conductor of opposition 'bus')—I've known yer ever since you were born. I knowed yer poor mother; she had two on yer that time. One was a werry nice little boy, t'other was half a idiot—a sort of brown paper filler. The werry nice little boy died werry young, he did."

How did Noah preserve honey bees during the flood? In the ark-hives of the old world, of course.

How were Adam and Eve prevented from gambling? Their pair o' dice was taken from them.

PICKPOCKETS, though they do not go it blind, are guided very much by a sense of feeling.

"MATCHLESS misery" has been defined to be, to have a cigar and nothing to light it with.

WHERE do people begin on the practical alphabet of love? At the ba-be.

We read in the official description of the reception of the Sultan at Paris, that "the Empress presented to the Sultan the ladies of her household."

A GENTLEMAN once asked, "What is woman?" when a married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

SMITH spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to the conundrum, "Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?" He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution—because both are hardly done.

The author of the "Rejected Addresses" wrote of the man who lost and found his hat, that he "regained his felt, and felt what he regained."

A MAN at a fair was asked if his horse was timid? "Not at all," said he; "he frequently spends the whole night by himself in a stable."

WEAR your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are a-keed what o'clock it is, tell it.

Why are Odd Fellows like sausages? Because they are linked together.

BOWMASTER, please to send him strait, Ben-syl-vany is der slaight; Olt Ynango, dat's her county; Vore olt hours out mit Hefen's pounty; Franklin, she's der county seat; Der Post Office on Liberty street; Sharley Daylor, he's der man; Send dis shunt so quick you can.

THE finest idea of a thunder-storm extant is when O'Fogarty came home tight. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell heavily to the floor. After a while he rose, and said:

"Wife, are you hurt?"  
"No."  
"Girl, are you hurt?"  
"No."  
"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

Why is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him from going too far.

Why was Herod's wife like a Fenian organization? Because she had a head sent her (Head Centre).

Why is a weathercock like a loafer? Because he is constantly going around doing nothing.

A COUNTRY critic, speaking of the music of a cheap accordion, says:

"The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes."

A boy in Springfield, to the inquiry why a ship is called "she," quitted his teacher with the reply, "Because the rigging costs more than the hull."

An actress, who is a reputed chatterbox, the other day sent for her doctor with all speed. She declared herself ill, and wanted him to write the requisite certificate.

"I do not know that there is anything the matter," was the reply; "let me feel your pulse—just so—a little quiet will set you to rights very soon."

"But I assure you, doctor, I am ill; look at my tongue."

The doctor looked.

"Well, I see, my dear Miss—, it is like you; a little quiet will do it good."

An eminent mathematician, who has solved the problem of "squaring the circle," is now engaged in defining the exact circumference of "the round of the papers."

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met.

"Well," replied the boy, "nothing just about here, but our schoolmaster is just over the hill there cutting birch rods; you might walk up and pop him over."

A LITTLE girl of four years old was recently called as a witness in a police court, and in answer to the question as to what became of little girls who told lies, she innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring. But accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of past kindness is obliterated.

WHAT is that which is often brought to table, often cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

A DOCTOR's wife once attempted to move her husband by tears.

"Ann," said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium and water; that's all."

Hannah Elizabeth Madrell, deceased. GEORGE LEIGH COPPELAND—Wanted the present address of George Leigh Copeland, who is a residuary legatee of the will of Hannah Elizabeth Madrell, deceased, late of Douglas, in the Isle of Man, widow. The said George Leigh Copeland is requested to communicate immediately to his father, John Hans Copeland, 309 Canal Street, New York, or to Messrs. Francis & Almond, Solicitors, 21 Harrington Street, Liverpool, England. Should the said George Leigh Copeland be dead, and this advertisement meet the eye of any one acquainted with the fact, they are requested to communicate to either of the above addresses.

TAKE AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use.

## THE BARNUM &amp; VAN AMBURGH MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE CO.,

Broadway, Bet. Spring and Prince Sts. Open from Sunrise till 10 P. M.

PERFORMANCES IN THE LECTURE-ROOM AT 2½ & 7½ P. M. Last week of the Spectacular Pantomime, LITILE DEW DROP;

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